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## HAUNTED.

BY G. B. STUART.

When candle-flames burn blue,  
Between the night and the morning,  
I know that it is you,  
My love, that was so true  
And that I killed with scorning.

The watch-dogs howl and bay ;  
I pale, and leave off smiling.  
Only the other day  
I held your heart in play,  
Intent upon beguiling.

A little while ago  
I wrung your soul with sighing ;  
Or brought a sudden glow  
Into your cheek by low,  
Soft answers, in replying.

My life was all disguise,  
A mask of feints and fancies ;  
I used to lift my eyes,  
And take you by surprise  
With smiles and upward glances.

And now, where'er I go,  
Your sad ghost follows after ;  
And blue the flame burns low,  
And doors creak to and fro,  
And silent grows the laughter.

Argosy.

## BARREN DAYS.

WHAT of these barren days, which bring no  
flowers

To gladden with fair tints and odors sweet,  
No fruits, that with their virgin bloom entreat  
Kisses from rose-red lips, that in dim bowers  
Pout with a thirsty longing? Summer showers  
Softly but vainly fall about my feet ;  
The air is languid with the summer heat,  
That warms in vain,—what of these barren  
hours?

I know not ; I can wait, nor haste to know ;  
The daily vision serves the daily need.  
It may be, some revealing hour shall show  
That while my sad, sick heart did inly bleed,  
Because no blossom came nor fruit did grow,  
An angel hand had sowed celestial seed.

Spectator. JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

## THE THREE DEATHS.

LAY the dead hope amid the flowers to rest,  
Smooth tenderly the daisied turf above it ;  
Watch by the grave by memory's rays caressed,  
Recalling how we used to guard and love it ;  
From its sweet dust fresh fancies may awake,  
Till a new dream its gentle semblance take.

Though passionate tears fall fast as summer  
rain,

Where the dead Love lies in eternal sleep ;  
Though life and joy may never wear again  
The glory buried with it, dark and deep ;  
Just for that dead thing's unforgotten bliss,  
A chastened charm may soothe a watch like  
this.

But when the shrine where we have garnered  
up

Trust, pride, devotion, shivers at our feet ;  
When poison lurking in the loving cup,  
Turns into stinging gall what was so sweet ;  
What solace broods above such bitter death ?  
What future comforts us for murdered faith ?

All The Year Round.

## LOVE'S CALL.

SHY tender stars sedate and sweet  
Round weary Earth's pale pillow press ;  
Night cloaks her at the golden feet,  
And they are shod with silentness.

Tranced in a weird colossal dream,  
The mountains shadowy arms outfling ;  
Around, the silent forests gleam,  
And every leaf is listening.

What distant call? What sudden-stirred  
Echoing thrill from breast to brow ?  
Was it the nightingale I heard?  
Or was it, best beloved, thou?

Chambers' Journal. EMANUEL DEUTSCH.

## THE BUTTERFLY.

BY J. V. H.

Lovely, light as cloud in sky,  
Butterfly,  
Over flowers thou flittest free,  
Dew and blossom food for thee,  
Thyself a blossom, flying leaf ;  
Who purpled thee by rosy fingers'  
Touch so brief?

Was it a sylph, that thy sweet dress  
Did so impress?  
Of morning odors moulded fine  
Thy beauty for one day to shine ;  
O little soul, and thy small heart  
Beats quickly 'neath my fingers there,  
And feels death's smart.

Fly hence, O little soul, and be  
Bright and free ;  
An image of that later birth,  
When man, the chrysalis of earth,  
Like thee, a zephyr shall become,  
And kiss in odor, dew, and honey,  
Every bloom.

Good Words.

From The Contemporary Review.  
THE FUTURE OF CHINA.

THE late reconquest by China of some of her former possessions in central Asia, and the firm tone in which she is urging her demands upon Russia, in respect of the Kuldja territory, are giving her a prominence as a factor in Asiatic politics which she can scarcely be said to have claimed before. These signs of tenacity of purpose, if not of actual vitality, acquire an additional interest when viewed in connection with the recently modified policy of her government towards western States; a policy which, whether induced by an honest intention to forego the traditional exclusiveness of past ages, or by a shrewd determination to cope, if possible, with more advanced nations upon the advantageous footing secured by the cultivation of the progressive arts and sciences, has had the effect of bringing China into diplomatic relations with the principal powers of Europe and America, and introducing her as a recognized element into the political calculations of the civilized world. The issue of the Kuldja controversy has a special interest for England, as the mistress of adjacent territory in India; but a far greater importance attaches to the result of the larger efforts which China is making to take up a position amongst the nations, and upon the success of which all her political future must depend. It is of that future, and of its bearing upon the interests of China's two great rivals in Asiatic dominion, Russia and Great Britain, that this paper proposes to treat.

It cannot be predicted of the government of China, at any rate at present, that it is greedy of territory. On the contrary, its responsibilities are already as serious as it must feel at all competent to fulfil with credit to itself and satisfaction to its people. But, on the other hand, it is remarkably tenacious of parting with a single rood of ground, to which it may claim the right of traditional possession or more recent conquest. When portions of its territory have been torn from its grasp by successful rebellion, it has for the moment yielded to the inevitable. But the earliest opportunity possible

has been seized for re-entering upon possession, either by force or craft. The late recovery of the province of Yunnan in China proper, and of Chinese Turkistan in central Asia, after crushing defeats and years of alienation, affords notable instances of this tenacity of purpose. But such successful re-entries upon lost dominion have only been effected where the usurping power has partaken of the same or a similar Asiatic character with that of the Chinese themselves. Where circumstances have brought the government into collision with the more energetic and enterprising people of the West, it has had no alternative but to make material concessions, and to confirm these by treaties of perpetual amity and commerce. Russia and England are the only western powers that have thus benefited themselves at the expense of China: Russia, with a view to the enlargement or rectification of her frontier, which from the mouth of the Amour to the foot of the Tien Shan is continuous with that of China; and England, for the protection and promotion of her trade, which must have languished, if not perished, under the constraints of the old Co-hong system.

Whether the resubjugation of entire provinces by the imperial government may be regarded as a blessing or a curse to the populations concerned, it is difficult to decide. For them it is unhappily a mere choice between being at the mercy of unscrupulous adventurers, elated with a series of successes, and rendered ferocious by a life of rapine, but utterly unprepared to introduce any serious system of reform; or being restored to a rule which, although worn out and feeble, has the advantage of an old-established organization, and can prove, by its general policy at any rate, that it has the welfare of the governed seriously at heart. On the whole, setting aside the wholesale cruelty which has unhappily too often distinguished such governmental triumphs on the part of the Chinese, and to which, indeed, the unlucky people seem liable whichever party may happen to gain the ascendancy, the preferable conclusion would seem to be that resubmission to

native authority is perhaps the mildest fate that can be desired for those subjects of China whose country has unfortunately been the scene of civil war. But an entirely different result may be looked for when foreign dominion—that is to say, European—has taken the place of Chinese. In the case of England, there can be little fear but that, in spite of the notable mistakes which have at times marked her colonial administration of Asiatic peoples, the primary object to which she has always set herself has been the welfare of the governed, and the development of the resources of the country which they occupy. And even as regards Russia, however irresponsible her system of government, selfish and unscrupulous her foreign policy, and corrupt her executive, may be regarded from an English point of view, still there can be little question that her assumption of authority over any tract of Asian territory must be considered preferable in the interests of philanthropy and general expediency to its restoration to an intrinsically weak and unpractical government like that of the Chinese.

Assuming that the above proposition is a reasonable one, it follows as a fair inference, that the sooner China or any part of it is brought under the sway of some strong and progressive power the better. And really, looking at the matter from a purely philanthropic and utilitarian point of view, that is about the best fate that can befall its inhabitants, as well in their own interest as in that of the world at large. Many things conspire to show that the days of the ruling dynasty are numbered; and who can say, when the catastrophe does come, whether the huge but crumbling fabric will ever be reconstructed? or, if so, whose will be the head and hand that will accomplish the task? The probability is that the empire will, in spite of the marvellous homogeneity which characterizes its people, at once lose its cohesion, and break up into a number of petty chiefdoms; and one may well imagine the grievous and protracted misery that must follow upon such a dissolution. It would be ridiculous, nay wicked, to suggest that this contingency might be anticipated,

and an endeavor made to avert it by the timely absorption of a portion or of the whole of the Chinese territory. But we are entitled to express the hope that the course of mundane affairs may so shape itself as that such a calamity may be indefinitely delayed; or, if it be inevitable, that it may fall to the lot of some nation to take up the reins which shall have the will as well as the power to use the opportunity to the best advantage of the millions concerned.

The speculation seems here to suggest itself, whether there is a western power at all likely to find itself placed in this position, or which may be considered a suitable instrument for carrying out the work of reconstruction. The sphere of selection is limited. England and Russia, as far as can at present be foreseen, appear to be the only two powers whose mission or interest seems likely to impel their influence eastwards. Any idea that England will ever deliberately enter upon the possession of even a part of Chinese territory may at once be dismissed as unworthy to be entertained. Although her vast trade and world-wide associations are perpetually landing her in perplexing complications with eastern tribes, complications, too, which at times, in despite of herself, end in conquest or annexation, still her modern policy is anything but aggressive; and if there be one collision which the English people would be less inclined to tolerate than another, it would be that of a little war entered upon for the mere purpose of territorial acquisition or philanthropic reform. China, moreover, is no mere petty principality like Abyssinia, Ashantee, or Afghanistan, that she had need be liable to the risk of annihilation or annexation, even should she again unhappily venture to take up arms against England on account of a mere trade dispute. But with Russia the case is materially different. An acquisitive policy has been traditional with her ever since Peter the Great, with prophetic foresight, laid down the lines by which her future conduct was to be guided; and political interest has none the less urged her on to extend her possessions Asia-



any direction as will suit her ambitious designs. Conquests in Asia, moreover, provide a convenient safety-valve for adventurous, discontented, or unscrupulous spirits, who might occasion mischief at home, and who cannot otherwise be readily disposed of; whilst they at the same time have the effect of furnishing that outlet for a through trade which has always been the Russian merchant's dream. Russia has already, as is well known, rectified her frontier on the north and west of China, seriously to the diminution of the area not so long ago comprised by the latter, and, by a well-directed combination of courage and craft, she has within the last twenty years succeeded in conquering or annexing extensive and fertile tracts of country in central Asia. What more likely, therefore, than that, octopus-like, she should continue to stretch out her huge tentacles further and further, until they embrace some of the broad and fair provinces of China within their omnivorous grasp? The advantage of such an acquisition to Russia cannot be overestimated. The Russian press, it is true, deprecates the acquisition of new territory, as being calculated to hinder the economical development of the people, and seriously to increase the present difficulties of the empire; and there can be little doubt that the dominions of the czar are far too disproportioned to the numerical sum of his subjects to admit of their having realized, as they might have done, the immense natural riches of the empire. But with the acquisition of almost any part of China proper, Russia would gain territory already thickly peopled to her hand, and possessed of rich resources of every kind; and, could she approach the sea in any direction, she would acquire—what is so important to her maritime and commercial development—a coast-line that would go far towards giving her the commanding position as a naval power which has always been one of her most cherished ambitions.

And what a glorious field would thereby be afforded her for developing her political designs! Instead of beating her wings to her own discomfiture against the bars which England must always throw

about her as long as she persists in her attempts to absorb Turkey, or exercise a covert influence over the tribes on our Indian frontier, she would, if she pressed China-wards in preference, find unlimited opportunities for increasing her resources, enlarging her territory, and extending her sway, no nation caring, or being called upon, to say her nay. That she would prove the most suitable power to be entrusted with so tremendous a responsibility, is an assertion that few would care to hazard without large qualification. The pitiless despotism which characterizes the Russian rule at home, the unrelenting harshness with which she has treated her Polish subjects, even to the studious stamping out of the nationalism of the people, and the license which has distinguished the grasp by Russian officials of civil power in central Asia, scarcely tend to render the prospect of the extension of her sway to China very encouraging. But, as has been already advanced, a Russian administration is not without its advantages, as compared to a Chinese, and, unless a radical reform can be looked for in the existing system of government in China itself, a prospect at best problematical, it may safely be said that her people might fare worse than pass under the domination of the czar.

For the Chinese concerned, as has been suggested, the loss might be almost, if not altogether, construed into a gain. They would acquire an autocratic and despotic government very similar to their own, only more powerful and practical in its operation and results; and, if only one could hope that the rights and prejudices of the people could be respected, and their general interests consulted, the change would on the whole prove an advantageous one for the annexed territories generally. In one respect, at any rate, such a substitution might certainly be expected to bring about a material amelioration of the present condition and prospects of the country at large; and that is the improvement of general communication throughout the empire. Railways would undoubtedly be forthwith introduced, telegraphs laid down, river channels cleared and deepened, canals

restored and maintained, and the many obstacles which now clog a might-be flourishing trade permanently removed. China, in fact, only needs a lion-hearted, capable, and progressive government in order to encourage the enterprise of her people, bring out their many excellent characteristics, and develop the prolific natural resources which she undoubtedly possesses, in her own interest and that of the world in general; and, provided always such a result can be attained, combined with a discreet and paternal care for the people themselves, no one had need deprecate the substitution of a foreign for a native yoke.

It might be objected, why should not such thorough reconstruction and subsequent healthy development be attainable under the present dynasty, or, at any rate, under a purely native rule? To this we reply, that it is not in the nature of the Chinese to initiate reform or carry it honestly and steadily out. Neither the rulers nor the ruled appreciate its necessity; and, could they be enlightened sufficiently to perceive it, they do not possess the strength of character and fixity of purpose to follow out implicitly the course pointed out. A curious example of this lack of interest and resolve was to be observed as regards the foreign-drilled levies raised at the instance of their foreign advisers after the treaty of Tientsin. Men and money were readily provided to the extent suggested, and the men easily learned the drill. But the foreign instructors had always to superintend the paying of wages in order to prevent peculation by the native officers, and, the moment their vigilant eyes were removed, drill and discipline were voted a nuisance by officers and men alike, arms and accoutrements ceased to be kept in order, and the force rapidly assumed its purely Chinese character. Relics of these levies exist at this moment, but the most unremitting patience and effort have been needed on the part of the foreign officers to maintain them in a state of anything like respectable discipline or effectiveness. A recent writer calls attention to the stupendous efforts which the Chinese government has of late been making towards a reorganization of its naval and military resources upon western principles, and to the remarkable success which has in consequence attended its campaign in western China and central Asia. But these measures have all owed their conception and execution to foreign energy, enterprise, and ability; and, as will be

presently shown, wherever the salutary influence of these is weakened or removed, disorganization and relapse are sure to be the result. Something has, no doubt, been accomplished within the last twenty years towards opening the eyes of the Chinese government to the wisdom of assuming a recognized place in the comity of nations, and inducing it to introduce various domestic measures of a useful and progressive nature. But, after all, pressure from without, and that of the most painstaking and persistent character, has been needed to effect what little has been done. Let this influence be removed; let the able customs organization now in vogue be taken out of alien hands; let foreign ministers cease to impress upon the State departments the imperative importance of waking up to international and domestic responsibilities; let arsenals be deprived of foreign superintendence; let steamers throw overboard their foreign masters, mates, and engineers; in a word, let China try to keep afloat without corks, and what will be the consequence? Corruption would inevitably fatten on and extinguish foreign trade; foreign representatives would find Peking too hot to hold them; arsenals would gradually languish and cease to work; native-owned steamers would leave off plying the waters; and the whole country would eventually fall back into a condition of even more rapid decadence than that in which it was found when England first interfered to prop it up. What is perhaps more melancholy to contemplate there would be few, if any, of her most ardent patriots but would congratulate themselves on the miserable change.

China may, perhaps, be saved from an eventual collapse, or from falling under the sway of all-grasping Russia; but it can only be by a universal development of the existing system of extraneous aid. What has been done for her customs revenue must be extended to all departments of the State, and the employment of foreign heads and hands must be rendered so general as even to permeate the ramifications of the executive in the eighteen provinces. But then the difficulty suggests itself, where is the *personnel* needful for such a mighty organization to be found, with the talent and probity equal to the charge? England has proved it possible, in the case of India, to produce a corps of administrators who possess a character for ability, uprightness, and high-minded devotion to duty, to which the world can show no equal. But, as experience has so

far proved, political balance at Peking demands that the prizes open to competition in the Chinese service should be distributed equally amongst subjects of all nationalities in treaty relations with China; and in such a huge army of *employés* as the exigency would require, and most of whom would probably owe their selection to patronage rather than to merit, it could not be but that many would find a place who might prove even greater curses to the governed than the worst type of the Chinese mandarins themselves. Moreover, such an innovation would practically amount to placing the entire nation under foreign authority, and it may be queried whether it would not be more advantageous for the people to have one uniform foreign rule universally substituted for the native, than to be at the mercy of an executive formed of such heterogeneous materials as those we have described.

It may not be out of place to consider here a suggestion, which has been thrown out by more than one representative of the English press, as to the identity of British interests with those of China in resisting the insidious advances of Russia eastwards, and the expediency of giving the former our sympathy, if not material support, in her endeavor to recover Kuldja from Russian cupidity. What British interests comprise in that quarter of the globe may be summed up in a few words. Rectification and consolidation of certain portions of the frontier of British India, the maintenance as far as possible of neutral and independent khanates to act as "buffers" between her territories and those of Russia, and the development of a free and active trade between the Indian and central Asian markets. It seems scarcely worth the trouble of refuting any arguments that could be brought forward to prove that the concession of a covert or direct support to China in the Kuldja controversy would be likely to advantage England in any one of these respects. On the contrary, her interference would more probably imperil her interests under each head, and would most certainly have the effect of greatly incensing a power which, with all its ill-will, has already shown its desire to conciliate, by withdrawing at our request the influence which it had been tempted in view of certain contingencies to use to our disadvantage in Afghanistan; a power, too, which must and will pursue its career of acquisition in central Asia, whatever we may say or do to the contrary; and with which, in view of its probable future there, it is

manifestly to our interest as holders of India to live on neighborly terms. To quote a recent writer on the subject, "Our object now should be rather to initiate a frank understanding with Russia as to the aims of our respective policies, to secure her agreement to definite boundaries to the spheres of influence of both powers, and to form, so far as is possible, a union of interests with her in the future development of Asia."

Even were China to pledge herself to grant us all the advantages which we should have to bargain for as a consideration for committing ourselves to the serious step of affording her aid, it may be doubted whether she is sufficiently strong to maintain her ground, not merely against Russia, but against any adventurer like Yakoo Beg or rebels like the Panthays, who may suddenly rise up and wrest her territory from her. Then, again, it must be remembered what an alliance with such a government as that of China is likely to involve. Her civil administration, based although it may be on a system excellently well suited to a people like the Chinese, is so weakened, save in a few isolated instances, by the incapacity, and so debased by the venality of its executive, that it has long since forfeited the confidence and goodwill of the masses, and rebellion has only to raise its head to find a fruitful soil for its speedy growth and development. Her army is numerically large, and can be recruited without difficulty, and she has constantly at command any quantity of the most approved war material, so long as there are foreigners to sell and she has the money to buy; to say nothing of what she can now to a certain extent manufacture for herself. But of strategy and the general science of war her officers are entirely ignorant, and beyond the capability of hurling huge masses of men at the enemy, irrespective of all consequences, she is in no way formidable as a military power in the European sense of the term, nor could her troops permanently hope to hold their own against those of any western State. Even the Japanese, in the little affair with China which threatened the peaceful relations of the two countries not long ago, showed themselves quite equal to the occasion, and their sailors and soldiers pined to exhibit their prowess, and prove the value of their recent acquisitions in the art of war, as against the conservative, and unpractical Chinese. If the rules of civilized warfare are to the Chinese a sealed book, still less can they be said to

appreciate its humane side. Their officers fail to value the necessity, and indeed do not seem to possess the power, of protecting their own countrymen from the general license which marks the march of soldiery through, or the military occupation of, any peaceable district; and in the wholesale barbarities which invariably distinguish their triumphs over a conquered foe, they are scarcely to be surpassed by savages of the lowest type. Little more can be said in favor of the Chinese in respect of their relations with England and other western nations. They have treaties of peace and commerce with the leading powers, it is true, and they do not fail to act up to the strict letter of these engagements as construed by themselves. But the whole history of their foreign intercourse since 1842 has shown that the Chinese government has borne with ill grace the restrictions thus imposed upon it, and has embraced every opportunity to evade them in spirit, whilst professing to carry them out in the letter. Trade has been everywhere hampered by vexatious imposts cunningly introduced on all kinds of pretexts, and as pertinaciously persisted in, in spite of pointed remonstrances on the part of foreign representatives. Outrages of a glaring kind have been passed over without redress, or perhaps with a show of redress so ingeniously conceded as to evince distinct sympathy with the perpetrators of the deeds complained of; and the case must be rare, if not unheard of, in which the initiative has been voluntarily taken by a Chinese official in righting a wrong suffered by a foreigner at the hands of a Chinese. Amicable relations prevail between the various foreign communities and the native population by whom they are surrounded; but these may be traced rather to the innate good-nature of the people, and the forbearing conduct of the "strangers from afar," than to any direct effort on the part of the native authorities to encourage and develop friendly feeling. The Chinese court still affects to regard the emperor as the supreme ruler of all people under heaven; its recognition of foreign ministers accredited to it seems never to have advanced beyond the not very flattering ceremonial which accorded them a so-called audience in a body a few years ago; and the relations between the representatives and the high officials at Peking cannot as yet be said to have entered upon a phase which may strictly be styled cordial; and all this, notwithstanding that Chinese representatives to

western courts have been treated with all the ceremony and consideration due to their official position, and have been received into the highest society of foreign capitals, not only without demur, but with a warmth and hospitality which, whilst on the spot, they have themselves been the first to acknowledge.\* Under these circumstances, with a civil administration so effete and corrupt, a military power so impractical, a style of warfare so barbarous, and a government so wanting in the honest desire to conciliate, can it be

\* Apropos of these remarks it is worth while quoting here a memorial by the ex-ambassador Kwo Sung-t'ao, published in the *London and China Telegraph* of 7th July, 1879, as the first presented to the throne on his return to China, and in which the best that he can say of England, notwithstanding his cordial reception and marvellous experiences, seems to be that he was "excessively cast down in a strange country," where, "had he been put into a ditch, there would have been nobody to cover him with earth." The very name of the place to which he was accredited appears to have been beneath mention to his august master. The *Peking Gazette* of the 3rd moon, 3rd day, contains the following memorial from Kwo Sung-t'ao, late ambassador at the Court of St. James's, to the emperor: "Your servant," he writes, "has suffered from many bodily infirmities. Relying upon the heavenly (*i.e.*, your Majesty's) grace, I was appointed to go abroad on service of heavy responsibility. I am now feeble with age, having served at so great a distance; I also deplore my stupidity, and am extremely apprehensive of my inability in performing the functions devolving upon me. Since the sixth or seventh moon of the year before last I have suffered from insomnia. A year ago my spirits became daily more *abat*tu. In the second month of last year I suddenly experienced phlegm rising in my mouth, and vomited fresh red blood, without being able to stop it, so that in a trice a basin would get quite full. I consider that my life has been marked by increasing afflictions; my respiration is impeded; I am agitated and nervous; already I have contracted an asthma, and this I certainly had not formerly. Excessively cast down, in a strange country several tens of thousands of li away, I thought that if I were put in a ditch there would be nobody to cover me with earth. Fortunately, by virtue of the heavenly (*i.e.*, Imperial) compassion, having been graciously permitted to give up my office, all that remains of me, protractedly wearing out my failing breath, is due to the overflowing grace of the Holy Lord (the emperor). During the two years I have been abroad I have passed under the hands of foreign doctors not a few, who felt my pulse and administered medicine in a manner very different from native practitioners. In relieving my indigestion and removing the torpor [of my liver] they occasionally produced some little effect; but my constitution became weaker every day, and there was no restoring it. After casting about this way and that, there seemed but one resource left to me—to take advantage of a steamer bound for Fu (*i.e.*, Shanghai), and then to return by way of the Yangtze River to my native place and put myself under medical advice. Prostrate I implore the Heavenly Compassion to grant me three months' leave of absence, in order to establish a complete cure, so that perhaps I may not contract disease that will prove incurable. After your servant has got home it will be his duty to report early the day of his arrival, and he earnestly desires that he may be restored to health. Then I will return to the capital to resume my functions, and implore that some trifling post may be given me that I may testify my gratitude by strenuous exertions, like a dog or a horse. Wherefore I, your humble servant, now beg for leave of absence on account of my ill-health, and respectfully present the petition in which my request is lucidly set forth, entreating with reverence that the sacred glance may rest upon it."



thought politic to go out of our way in order to further its pretensions, and that to the prejudice of a power which, with all its faults, is progressive in its tendencies, and prepared to acknowledge our international rights, and which more nearly approaches us in recognizing the duty of consulting the material interests of the people subjected to its sway? The little experience at any rate which we have had of the results of co-operation with the Chinese government has not been such as to encourage us in a repetition of the experiment. Take, for example, the important aid given by England in clearing the province of Kiangsu of rebels in 1862-63, and thereby bringing about the eventual extermination of the Taepings. Such a service, it might be presumed, would have earned the lasting gratitude of the nation, and induced a cordiality of sentiment towards their benefactors which would have exhibited itself in an endeavor on the part of the Chinese government to relax the restrictions and remove the vexations by which mutual relations had up to that time been beset. But nothing of the kind transpired. No special and national recognition of the service rendered was ever accorded; and, so far from any improvement being observable, as a consequence, in British relations with China, these were marked in the sequel by some of the most trying and difficult crises with which we have had to deal. More than this, the very moment of triumph was disgraced by an act of treachery in the deliberate murder of the surrendered rebel chiefs at Soochow, which must have induced in the mind of Colonel Gordon, R.E., the keenest regret that he had ever embarked his honor and expended his labors in the cause of such allies. The only other instance in which British influence was brought to bear towards rescuing the Chinese government from an awkward dilemma was when the Japanese threatened reprisals for outrages committed against their subjects, and went the length of sending a considerable force to occupy the island of Formosa. Hostilities had commenced, and the war might have proved a protracted if not hazardous one for the Chinese, had not H.B.M.'s minister volunteered his services as mediator, and succeeded in arranging matters to the satisfaction of both parties, and with as little loss of prestige to the Chinese as they had any right to expect. Here, again, if any gratitude was felt, there was no public recognition of the

service rendered, and the obligation certainly left no appreciable trace upon the subsequent policy of the government; for, in the very next difficulty with China which occurred not long after—namely, the official murder of Margary—it needed the pressure of our demands to the very verge of war, in order to procure the vaguest attempt at redress, and then we had to rest contented with commercial concessions as a makeweight for the substantial justice which could not, or would not, be granted.

To conclude, China, nationally considered, is in a state of decline. The very efforts which the more enlightened amongst her statesmen are now making towards rescuing her from the collapse which threatens show how desperate they consider her case, and how anxious they are to prevent or even delay the catastrophe. Her history, it is true, shows that although she has passed through a series of such periodical lapses, she has ever exhibited a wonderful power of recuperation more or less effective in its nature and extent. But these changes have been experienced at times when she was comparatively isolated from the rest of the world. Her political crises were never before complicated by the interposition of a foreign element, such as must be the case in any revolution through which she may hereafter pass. Mr. Robert Hart, the inspector-general of customs, Joseph-like, has done China good service in reorganizing the maritime revenue department, and advocating reform generally in the policy and practice of the State; and did China know her own interest she would largely develop and extend the advantages of a foreign admixture in her whole system of executive. But Mr. Hart's efforts must have a limited result at best, and they can only serve to put off the evil day. He cannot reform the nature of the Chinese mandarin; and until there is a radical change in this respect there can be little hope of reconstruction and progress under purely native guidance. The process becomes the more embarrassing and futile with aggressive foreign powers pressing on all sides with their irresistible influence and exacting pretensions. China must in time, and as at present constituted, yield to one or the other, and Russia promises to be the one whose ambition and interests will probably lead her to turn the opportunity to advantage. It may not be the best fate that can befall any part of China to be Russianized, but it will be a better alter-

native for her people to be subjected to the sway of a civilized and civilizing power than to become the prey to interminable civil wars. It will be better, moreover, for England and other nations, whose interest in the question is mainly commercial, that China's millions should be brought under a vigorous and progressive government, able and willing to develop the vast trade resources at their disposal, than that they should decimate themselves and ruin their country by perpetual internecine strife. Whether it will be to the interest of England in a political point of view that Russia should attain the commanding position which the possession of any part of China would undoubtedly secure her, is an entirely different question. If it be a danger, it is a danger which she must look in the face, for everything seems to point to the possibility of such a consummation. But no consideration of political expediency or self-preservation can certainly warrant her in interfering as yet; and it is to be hoped that the time may never come when she shall be called upon to thwart the ambitious designs of her great rival in Asian dominion in the extreme East, as she has so long and so successfully endeavored to do in countries more directly affecting her political power and prestige in Europe and India.

WALTER H. MEDHURST.

From The Bibliothek Deutsche Curiosa.  
LETTERS OF A GERMAN GENTLEWOMAN  
IN THE XV<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY.

TRANSLATED FOR THE LIVING AGE,

BY MRS. E. W. LATIMER.

I.

The Sunday before St. Anne's Day.

(July 26, 1417.)

I THINK thee a thousand times dear Dorothy for the Pity that thou hast for me. Indeed I am to be pitied. For I am but twenty-two; one year only married to my Hainz, God rest his soul; hardly am I out of child-bed, and now I am a widow. Holy Mother of God! why am I so sorely dealt with? I have had a Man with whom I lived virtuously and joyfully, and he too loved me dearly, I love to say it again and again, but now he is dead, though I had hardly lived one happy Year with him! For indeed it is great Happiness when married Folk right love each other, as we too have done. But now all is Misery, and I hardly

know how it comes to pass that I have not wept myself dead. Were it not for the Blessed Mary, and for Father Joseph, and my Brother and my Brother's Wife who stood by me in my Trouble, my Life would have been despaired of; I should have died of my Tears. But they had Patience with me, and me and my sweet Infant Hainz have they taken and comforted—may God richly reward them! Ah! my dear Babe is so like his poor Father—as like as if he were another self. But I am no longer like myself. I am wasted and wan, and Tears have dimmed my Face, and mine Eyes are now all red. It gives me pain to write, and yet I like to talk to thee. Be not displeased that my Letter is all blotted by my Tears; for I cannot keep them back. I wish that thou and Sir Fritz, thine own dear Man, may never know Grief; and that you may live happily together as long as can be. But for me there can be no more Joy in this World. For my Husband is dead, and if it were not that my Babe holds me back, I should be already in a Nunnery. I have said so from the first. This tie withholds me, otherwise I should have quitted this World. My Brother, however, is against it, as is also his Wife. But Father Joseph thinks that I might take the Veil, trusting my Babe would be cared for by God. I would gladly hear what thou sayest of this matter, my dear Dorothy. Write me quickly what thou thinkest, for I need good Counsel. I am almost angry with myself for writing so much, and I am half ashamed of it too, for I believe I am the only Woman in Augsburg who can write and read; and I fear lest folks would laugh at us if they knew we wrote so much to each other. I believe, too, that in all Werth there is not one Gentlewoman but thyself who writes and reads. But it does me good to write to thee, and it makes my Heart more light, for thou knowest how I love thee, my best Dorothy; how we used to pour out our hearts to each other when we lived near, how we were always Playfellows. But when I think upon my Husband dead I feel as if my Heart must break. Now I must leave off. Write to me again soon, for I sore need to hear from thee.

2.

The Monday after St. Austin's Day.

(Aug. 1, 1417.)

I HAVE received thy Letter all right, my dearest Dorothy, and it has really given me Pleasure. For if I can still rejoice



over anything in this World, it is that thou lovest me, and that my Brother and my Brother's Wife both love me. She is a good Woman, and they send you hearty Greetings. I thank thee that thou hast given me thine Advice not to go into a Cloister, but for what else thou sayest I cannot thank thee. I know it is all very true, but the World seems so distasteful to me since my Husband died. My Brother tries to make my Days less sad, but that does not help me. If I do not weep when I am with him, I do when I get home again. And when I see my Babe I weep, and when I sit alone at Table and Eat (when Hunger forces me to take some Food), I weep, and when I look into the Courtyard and see his Warsteed, — see him and hear him whining for his Lord, — I weep, and when I see his armor on the Wall I weep, and when I try to sleep I cannot keep the Tears out of mine Eyes; and so one Day passes like another. I know no change unless I go into mine Oratory and tell my Beads, which makes my Heart more light. But my World is now a very little Space in which I have only to submit and to endure. Yet I cannot leave my Child. If only my Days might be few! Keep well, dear Dorothy, and remember me in thy Prayers.

## 3.

The Sunday after Holy Cross Day  
(Sept. 14, 1417.) on which our Lord was crucified.

I AM almost angry with thee, dear Dorothy, because thou sayest that my Tears and my Sorrows will by-and-by begin to cease. Dost thou not know that I am not like other Widows who have never loved their Lords? Know too, alas! that he lies now as deeply in my Heart as if I had just put on my Weeds for him. My Loss is as great to me as it was in the first Week, when my dear Man, — God rest his Soul, — lay yet unburied. I thank the Holy Mother of our Lord that my Child is well and that my beloved ones show much Kindness to me. I greatly prize my Brother's Wife. She is with child, and this is a great joy to my Brother. He too is a right worthy Man. May God reward him, for he has just increased the Endowment left to St. Anthony's Chapel by my Father, to whom God grant a happy Resurrection. I wish he were not quite so passionate, and he is a little bit too proud, — at least so People say of him, — but he is very good to me. Every one has Faults, and I should love him dearly even if he had more. He is

rich, too, and always holds important offices, which Men right readily assign him. I have several times told him what People say of him, but he does not believe me. Fare thee well.

## 4.

The Sunday after St. Catherine's Day.

(Nov. 25, 1417.)

ALAS! we are always growing older, dear Dorothy. I feel often as if my Heart would break with Sorrow and Pain. Sometimes it is only my Child who makes me bear to live. A week ago there was so beautiful an Autumn morning that my Brother insisted on taking his Wife and me out to our Estate at Gailenbach, where a Farmer and some laboring Folk take care of the Property. But there it was worse than before with me, for I seemed ever to have my Husband before mine Eyes, and I wept more than in the City. I grew, too, very anxious and alarmed about my Babe, who was not with me. Now I am back with him once more, and I am right glad to be at home again. My Brother is always saying I ought to go more amongst People, but it would be of no use. I sit in Company as if I were dumb, and I think about my Man (God rest his soul) and I cannot speak a Word. When I ought to give an Answer I cannot remember what was said to me, and I feel happier at Home, if only People would not tell me, as they so often do, that I act ungratefully; however, they are very good to me. We are now in much dread of a War, which will be a sore strife if it begins. Thou knowest what a dispute our Cousin George Rem of Händel has with the people of Nenningen about their Marches. Now the Duke of Bavaria wants to take the people of Nenningen under his Dominion and Protection. And he has taken some of our Merchants' Goods from them who were acting by Rem's orders. God help us all, else something very bad may grow out of it. Cousin Rem is a little bit offended that I cannot say anything more eager about it. My Brother says, however, it might easily be settled.

Would there were no Wars nor Quarrels in the World! If my Hainz were only living, he too might have had to go forth to Battle, but I should still have had the Hope, which now I cannot have, that he would come back to me in safety. Keep well. I will soon write again to thee. Thou hast no Grievances, except I know that there are many People here who will cause thee anxiety if we have a War.

## 5.

Sunday after Christmas Day.

(Dec. 27, 1417.)

PRAISE be to our Lord, and to the Blessed Virgin Mary, that we are no longer in dread of War. For Rem and the Nenningers have come to an understanding, and the excellent Princes of Bavaria are to continue fast friends to our City, and my Brother has been Daysman between them, and has brought it all to pass. It is now said that Duke Wilhelm and Duke Ernst both wish to come hither, and that other great Personages are coming from other Cities, and that a great Court will be held at Augsburg, and that the Dukes will hold a Tournament, in which my Hainz (God rest his soul) would surely have had his Part had he been living, for he took great delight in such shows. But alas! all Joy is over for him—and for me too. I have no wish to see it. My Grief will always be renewed as often as I see such Sports. I only write to thee to-day that thou mayest know the Trouble is all over. I wish Sir Fritz would come here, and would bring thee with him. I know well thou wouldst not like to leave thy Children, but you would all find Accommodation in my House, which would lighten my Grief. If you do not come, I will write thee all about it, for it does me good. My Heart grows lighter when I talk to thee.

## 6.

The Monday before Lent.

(March, 1418.)

I AM right sorry that thou writest me that Sir Fritz lies sick. I cannot, therefore, take it ill of him that he did not come to our Tournament. I hope he will soon be over his Sickness. The Tournament took place To-day, but I saw nothing of it, except the riding to and from the Lists. There was a great Stir in the Town, and the Dukes brought many of their Court with them, and many Ladies. Many came out of other Cities; some to take their Part in the Jousts; some to show their Joy at the Peace; and there rode in from Ratishon 110 persons of distinction. They made a beautiful Procession from the Winemarket to the Lists, where the Dukes sat on a magnificent Staging. And when they came back, George Rem rode close behind the Dukes, and I knew him by the Black Cow that he wore for his Crest. Now they have all gone to the Dancing-Hall, where the Prizes will be given away, and then they will dance. Once I loved danc-

ing, too, but now all that is changed, and I wish I could never hear of it again,—all is so distasteful to me. I am alone at home to-day, for my Brother and my Sister-in-Law have gone to the Dance, where they will be well received because of their high Position. She, too, is a beautiful Dancer, and it will be best for her, when she is tired, not to let her stay long. I must now close, for the Post will soon go out. It may happen that to-morrow Morning, if I go after Mass to my Sister-in-Law's, I may hear all about it. Not that I would go from Curiosity, but only to see that she has not done herself harm by dancing, which would make me very sorry, for I love her much. What I hear that shalt thou be told as soon as we have another Post. Fare thee well, my dearest Dorothy, and do not blame me for writing to thee so often.

## 7.

St. Dionysius' Day.

(April 8, 1418.)

I AM right glad thou sayest that my Letters give thee Pleasure, so I write the more freely, and will send thee a long Letter to-day. I have spent a Day in which I have felt really brightened, though I wept a great deal. Much was said about my Hainz, and he was greatly praised. I went the day after the Tournament to my Brother's, and found his Wife quite well after the Dance, and at Home. While I was there, there entered three strange Knights, whom my Brother brought home with him. I wanted to go, but they would not let me. The three Knights were Sir Marquard von Schellenborg, Sir Hans von Königseck, and Sir Kunz von Villenbach. They had come to see my Brother because he is much honored and sought after by Knights and Gentlemen.

Item, they all spoke of yesterday's Tournament, and then I heard that Duke Wilhelm had tilted splendidly, and that no others had rivalled him, except stout George Rem, who had borne many out of their Saddles. The Duke seeing this, cried out as he beheld the Black Cow near him, that he would tilt with her himself; which, being told to Rem, he declared he would not do it—he would rather tilt no more than set his lance against the Duke. But the Duke attacked him. Then Rem rode at him so boldly that he bore the Duke out of his Saddle. He fell from his Horse, which fell on top of him. Rem and all the Rest were much afraid at first that all was over. The

Duke, however, so soon as he came to himself cried out to those about him: "The Cow has tossed us far—almost a fathom." Then he called Rem to him, and bade him ride with him, and sup with him. In the Evening when the Prizes were given it was expected the first Prize would be awarded to Duke Wilhelm, but the Duke would not take it. He said it belonged to the Black Cow which had served him so soundly. And the Prize was a Laurel Crown with a String of Pearls around it. All cheered George Rem, and what the Duke did was also certainly worthy of Praise.

Sir Hans told this about George Rem, and how good he was at a Stroke, and Sir Hanz said that Burghers very often could do better in a Tilt Joust than Country Noblemen; which Sir Kunz would not allow; however, he said that he took no Pleasure in any Fights in which no Blood was shed, and which were not in Earnest. He is a fierce, rough man. Then Sir Marquard spake his mind, and said it was true what Sir Hans said; and that he had known many Burghers who had taken the first Prizes for their tilting. He remembered to have known a certain Hainz Rhelinger, who was the boldest Man at a Tournament he had ever seen. Thereat the tears came into my eyes, and I began to cry. My Brother spake out then, and said I was his Widow, and when Sir Marquard heard that he was dead, he grieved at the news greatly, saying that he had ever most highly esteemed him, and had often been with him at Tournaments. Then spake Sir Hans, and said that he had never known him, but that he knew his Family, and that many valiant Men had come of the same Blood. Then spake Sir Kunz and said it was a great Pity I was a Widow; and he asked how long I had been so? I said: Only six Months. Then he said I must cheer up and not weep so much; but his Talk did not please me. Next Sir Marquard remarked that what Sir Kunz had said was true, and that I looked like a Rose laden with the Dew; and Sir Hans then complimented me, and said I was very lovely, and my Brother and his Wife said also I should soon be as beautiful as I once had been. This made me very angry, for I thought they wanted to flatter me. I well know that I do not look as I looked two Years ago, and that I am no longer beautiful. Then Sir Kunz asked me: Had I any Children? I told him I had one. Then he asked if I had inherited much Wealth from my Husband?

for he knew he had been very rich, and had had two large Estates. I answered that by the Laws of the Land I received a Child's Portion. Then he said: I must be rich. After that they went away. My Brother says they are all wealthy Noblemen, who have Estates not very far from us, and he spake especially in favor of Sir Hans, who he said was a God-fearing and honorable Knight whom every Man held in high Estimation. He told us too how his Wife had been dead more than a Year and a Day, and how he had dearly loved and honored her. He is also, as my Brother remarked, a very handsome Man. Sir Marquard too, he said, was a good Knight, and had been long at the Court of the Kaiser, and had seen many Countries, but had never been married. He, too, is a handsome man, and very courtly, and one can see that he has travelled into Foreign Lands. When I said as much to my Brother, my Sister-in-Law laughed, and that hurt me, and I began to cry, so she held her tongue. Sir Kunz, my Brother said, is a turbulent Knight, who has done despite many times to our City, and has had two Blood-Feuds already, as his Father had before him. It pleased me very much that Sir Marquard thought so much of my Husband. I felt very thankful to him for his good opinion. I have written all this freely to thee, dear Dorothy, because I know that thou too hast greatly esteemed my Husband. Do not take it ill of me that I have written thee so long a letter. It does not tire me to write about my Hainz. To-morrow they will all be gone.

## 8.

Monday before Palm Sunday.

(April, 1418.)

It is right hard, dear Dorothy, that thou thinkest as badly of me as my Brother's Wife did. No one ought to say such Things to me, for every one knows how heavy my Heart is; and what have I done that People should think such thoughts about me? The things I told thee are never in my thoughts except when I am forced to laugh or joke a little. They are gone now. It has been as dull here for the past Week as if there were not a Man in the City. The Dukes went back the day after the Tournament to their own Dominions. It is said they went away in high Good Humor, which pleases my Brother, because he took much Pains that they should be well entertained. The two Knights whom I met at my Brother's are still here, for they have

some Cousins among the Priests at the Cathedral, with whom they are lodged. They walk every Day past my House, more than once, and if they see me at the Window they will not go away till I salute them, which I have to do, or else to appear discourteous, which I never was. I have nothing more to write thee. Farewell. Greet Sir Fritz for me, and give a kiss on my part to your children.

## 9.

The Vigil of St. George.

(April 22, 1418.)

It is not right of thee, dear Dorothy, to go on being so unkind, and making me so angry by saying thou believest the three Knights pass so often through the Wine market only for the sake of seeing me. But if I must tell the Truth, they do pass very often, and sure as I go to Church there they are near me, kneeling where I can see them. It may be quite accidental, of course, but I do not like to have them following me. However, I must tell thee one thing, that one of them has presumed to be so bold that I cannot but notice it, and he is Sir Hanz von Villenbach, the coarse, rough Knight of whom I wrote thee. Two days ago, as I was coming from Mass, he came up to me. He asked me how I was? I answered him: I was well. He asked me why I was still so sad, and said I ought now to begin to forget my Husband, and that there was another good one to be had, who thought much of me; and that I was so pretty he could not fail to love me, and that he was only a little older than I was, and that he was very rich, as I was too, so that we would be good Matches for one another. Then I grew very angry, and I hardly know what I said. If he were joking I desired him to take notice I was not; and I bade him not to walk beside me. Then he swore mightily (so that my heart trembled), that he was in Earnest, and that I was Dear to him as his Life; and he asked me if I never proposed to be merry again? I told him, No, I intended to go into a Nunnery. Thereat he laughed. I replied that if I had not already taken the Vows it was only because I was awaiting the right Moment. Then he said I should do just like other young Widows, and after a Year get me another Man. That was an uncourteous Speech, and went to my Heart. I said I desired him to leave me, lest People should say Evil of his being in my Company. He would not do

it, so I turned from him, but not until he had said I must think of *him* if I ever desired to re-marry; and so he left me. But I never should have any desire to marry *him*. If he were the only Man left in the World, and I wanted to be married, I would not take him. I said so to my Brother. He said, what I have told thee, that Sir Kunz is a bad, quarrelsome Man, and he thought it were no Match for me; which I am very glad of. I must tell thee the whole Truth about my Affairs. My Brother always says I must marry again if any one comes who pleases me. But none such will ever come, and I would rather be in a Cloister, if my Child did not hold me back; the dear Babe grows, and is very lovely, and gives me much Happiness. I trust Sir Kunz will make me no more Trouble. I am glad now he explained himself, for perhaps he will persecute me no more. Fare thee well, Gossip Dorothy.

## 10.

Monday before Good Friday.

(April, 1418.)

I MUST write to thee to-day, for last Monday there was an Election among the Councillors, and my Brother is chosen Burgomaster, and had nearly every Vote. I write this to thee because he thinks much of thee. But he is not well pleased with me, so that I am, not very comfortable. Would that I could be no more tormented about marrying, for I cannot do it. A new suitor has appeared, Sir Hans von Königseck. He is an honorable Man, and a brave Knight, and my Brother says a great deal of good of him, so that I hardly know (and to-day know less than ever) whether I ought not to engage myself to him. He sent his Sister, the Burggräfin von Burtenbach, to me to-day, and she spoke to me very earnestly. But I said that I must have Time. My People and others do all they can to persuade me, and they say now, if I will not cry any more — which, indeed, I cannot do, having cried all I can — I shall be no further troubled. Even thy Sister, Frau Onsorg, has been teasing me, for which thou must scold her. It is cruel to make me think of Marriage. Even Meze, my Maid, puts in her Word, which does not please me. If thou wert not so bad about it, I would call for Help on thee. If I were in the Cloister, where thou wouldst not advise me to take refuge, I should be safe from all such Troubles.

## 11.

Monday after Easter.

(April, 1418.)

WHAT a naughty Woman thou art, Dorothy, to write me that it is clear the Right One has not yet declared himself, and that my Wish to enter a Nunnery will soon pass away, and that it is a good thing I have a Child, so that I have a Motive not to go into a Cloister. I should not have thought it of thee, dear Dorothy, and thou certainly shouldst not hear from me To-day, had I not done something thou wilt be sorry for. I really have nothing against Hans von Königseck, except that I don't want to be married, and if the Kaiser himself courted me, I wouldn't marry him till I left off the Mourning I now wear. My Hainz was too dear to me. They have all set upon me in this Matter, but all they do is in vain; for once I will please myself. My Brother now says that he will never bring me any other Suitor, until such Time as I am ready to marry again, and then that I must not refuse him if he be a suitable Person. He says I am too young to remain a Widow, and that it would be of no use to my Hainz (God rest his soul!) and would give him no Pleasure if I should cry myself to Death, which is very true, and I cannot deny it. *Item*, he says that a Husband might be of great use to my Boy, for he may need another Father when he grows up, which is true also. But I will wait, and, whatever they may do afterwards, I will make them wait till my Year of Widowhood is out; and till then I will not think of it. Farewell, and never again be so unkind, or I will never again write to thee.

## 12.

The Sunday after Whitsunday.

(May, 1418.)

I MUST send thee a Letter, for I have received one, and I must tell thee what has happened to me. Yesterday I went to see thy Sister, who is just as naughty about my Affairs as thou art, and when I got home, and had taken my Hood off, Meze, my Maid, came to me, and said she had something to give me. I asked her what it was, and then she gave me a Letter. I asked her where it came from, and she said: While she was walking behind me to thy Sister's, there came up to her a Gentleman, and asked her if she did not serve the young Widow Rhelinger? She said yes: then he gave her this Letter and said she must give it to me, and he also gave her some Money, a

very handsome sum, no less than 12 Pennies. He was a tall, handsome Gentleman, who very often passed the House, she said. Then I knew very well the Letter came from Sir Marquard von Schellenburg, but I would not say so. And I scolded her for taking the Letter at all, and said I would not read it—that she might find the Knight, and give him his Letter back again, for I would receive no Letters; if he had any Commands for me, or anything to say to me, he must appeal to my Brother. That did not suit her, and she began to cry, begging I would read the Letter, for I could not know yet who wrote it, nor what was in it. I for a long time would not, but she went on begging me. At last I opened it. It was from Sir Marquard, as I had expected, and ran thus:—

Fair Lady, hear thy Knight complain,  
Who comes to thee to ease his Pain.  
For, as I saw thee come and go,  
Dan Cupid's Arrow laid me low.  
The Shaft that from his Bowstring flies  
He shot through thy most lovely eyes.  
It struck me in my Heart full sore,  
That Wound will pain me ever more.  
For thy sake now I make my moan,  
Past Joys have all distasteful grown,  
And if thou wilt not heal my smart,  
I die of Cupid's cruel dart.  
Fair Lady, let me plead with thee,  
Great Sorrow else thou bringest me.  
Hear how thy wounded Knight complains  
Of all Love's Torments, Smarts, and Pains.  
I die of Love, if I'm unheard:  
Sir Marquard, Knight of Schellenburg.

I could not but laugh when I read this Letter, for I never before had read a Letter in Rhyme, and I read it several times over. Meze noticed it, she who had brought me the Letter, and she asked me why I laughed, and what the Knight wrote me? That I would not tell her, but I said she never ought to have brought it to me. After that she told me that the Knight wanted to speak with me, and she said she could let him in by the Back Door when Nobody was looking. Then I scolded her hard, and said she knew very well, that I had no mind to marry. Thereat she laughed, and I grew very angry, and said she might go, and charged her to say nothing to anybody. But I thought I must tell my Brother of this, and show him the Letter. He was very much surprised, and said: I don't know any Knight who can write. If it be Sir Marquard, I don't think he can. When he had read the Letter, he said it was a right pretty One, and that he thought the Verses must be taken



from some old Book which nobody knew. Anyhow, he did not think Sir Marquard could have written it, but he thought Master Veit had been the Scribe. And he wished me good Luck, and said now I had three Suitors, and could choose the one who pleased me best, and could take him. My Sister-in-Law says she knows which I shall take. But I won't take him. It is too bad of her. I told her just what I told Villenbach, and the Burggräfin, and thyself, and Meze, that I did not mean to marry till my Year was out. My Sister-in-Law said: Then it was a good Thing it was nearly over. Thereat, I slapped her with my Hand, and went out. Whether the Knight wrote the Letter himself, or had it written, any way I thank him for the Thought, which was a very pretty one. *Item*: when I got home I got a message from thy Sister to say she was coming to see me. I wondered much why she came to me. She began by asking if I had not had a Letter which I denied. That, however, did no good, for she said she knew about it already, so I had to tell her. Then she talked of Sir Marquard, and praised him very much, and told me a great deal about him, and how much he loved me ever since he first saw me, all which I did not believe. Then she wanted me to speak with him. She asked me to let him come to see me, or to meet him at her House; neither of which will I do. I told her what I have told everybody else, and what thou wilt do well to repeat in writing to her, so that she may leave me in Peace. Greet Sir Fritz for me. Farewell.

## 13.

The Monday after the Holy Bishop  
St. Ulric's Day.

(May 16, 1418.)

I HAVE not written to thee for a long while, dear Dorothy, for I did not care to write thee what was old, and I had nothing new to tell thee. For if I were to write thee that I love thee dearly, it would be nothing new. To-day I must write that I am still greatly plagued, and that in the End I shall have to do as thou advisest, and give in, hard as it will be for me, for I never can forget my Hainz, my own dear Husband. The Knights still go by my House every Day; and come into Church while I am there, and watch me Home, but none has been admitted to my House. Sometimes I laugh to think how easily I could, by a Gesture, a Footstep, or a Smile, make Fools of all of them. But I will not do it. It would not be honorable. It vexes me, however, that Sir

Kunz will keep with them, that coarse, uncourteous knight, who, by his Talk, has made me so uncomfortable. It is now One Year and Eight Days since my dear Hainz died. I spent a very sad, unhappy Anniversary last Week, and wept for him most bitterly. Now the Year is out I am very much afraid they will all be down upon me, and if I have to marry soon, it will be very grievous to me. Both Sir Marquard and Sir Hans are brave and honorable Knights, and I shall be very sorry to disappoint either of them, for I cannot marry them both. Now give me thine Advice, dear Dorothy, for I need Advice greatly. If I had followed mine own Wishes, I should have long ago been in a Cloister, and should have asked thine Advice no more.

## 14.

The Monday after the Assumption  
of the Blessed Virgin.

(Aug. 15, 1418.)

I PERCEIVE that you are all banded together, then, and thy Sister, and my Brother and his Wife, and my Maid Meze and everybody, and you all tease me, though you call it advising me to give my Hand to Sir Marquard. Thou art the worst for saying that thou advisest it, because thou canst perceive I like him the best — for I never told thee so? He often gets quite near to me nowadays, and tries to speak to me, but I cannot let him before the two others. Thy Sister has given me many a Scolding because I would not come to her House, where I knew I should meet him, but I would not go. At last she talks about it to my Sister-in-Law, and they two agreed that I must. When I got there she came in first, and Sir Marquard came in after her, saying he wanted to say a few words to the Burgomaster. That was not quite true, however; for he meant the Burgomaster's Sister, myself. He turned to me, and said that he was very glad to see me. Then my Face grew fire-red, and I could not reply, but I saw very well that he smiled to himself. At this point there was a noise outside which drew us all to the Window, then thy Sister drew back, and Sir Marquard and I were left alone. He asked me then if I would not put an End to his Anxiety; and pleaded it was now six Months that he had been in Love with me, and that I knew (though it was very bitter to him) that Sir Kunz and Sir Hans were in Love with me too, which gave him great Jealousy and Anxiety. So I had to promise him at last that I would marry soon, for I shall have to do



it. But how hard it will be for me it is impossible to write thee. Then he went forth, and I remained behind. I asked my Brother afterwards what I ought to do, and I told him, what he knew very well already, that Sir Marquard was dearer to me than either of the others; and that if marry I must I would marry him. He and his Wife rejoiced over it greatly, saying that they both had discovered my Inclination, and my Brother was much pleased, and said it would be to the increase of his own Importance and Honor; which was very pleasant to me. He also said I ought to let Sir Marquard know, through thy Sister, that when it was Dusk he might come and see me, and that I should permit my Maid to let him in by the Back Door. My Brother also said he should be very glad when all was settled, for that the three tormented him greatly. As he said, one or the other was always coming after him and inviting him into Peter Riederer's, where the Nobility meet for their Pastimes and Drinking Bouts. I will follow his Advice, and then I will write thee what comes of doing so.

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From The Nineteenth Century.  
A CAGLIOSTRO OF THE SECOND  
CENTURY.

In the Acts of the Apostles we meet with a class of persons whose features have in our own times become again familiar to us—quacks and conjurors professing to be in communication with the spiritual world, and regarded with curiosity and interest by serious men high in rank and authority. Sergius Paulus was craving for any light which could be given to him, and in default of better teaching had listened to Elymas the sorcerer. Simon Magus, if we may credit Catholic tradition, was in favor at the imperial court of Rome, where he matched his power against St. Peter's, and was defeated only because God was stronger than the devil. The "curious arts" of these people were regarded both by Christian and heathen as a real mastery of a supernatural secret; and in the hunger for information about the great mystery with which the whole society was possessed, they rose, many of them, into positions of extraordinary influence and consequence. Asia Minor seems to have been their chief breeding ground, where eastern magic came in contact with Greek civiliza-

tion, and imposture was able to disguise itself in the phrases of philosophy.

Apollonius of Tyana was the most remarkable of these adventurers. His life, unfortunately, has been written by believers in his pretensions; and we have no knowledge of what he looked like to hard-headed men of the world. The Apollonius of Philostratus is a heathen saviour, who claimed a commission from heaven to teach a pure and reformed religion, and in attestation of his authority went about healing the sick, raising dead men to life, casting out devils, and prophesying future events which came afterwards to pass. The interesting fact about Apollonius is the extensive recognition which he obtained, and the ease with which his impostures found acceptance in the existing condition of the popular mind. Out of the legends of him little can be gathered, save the barest outline of his history. He was born four years before the Christian era in Tyana, a city of Cappadocia. His parents sent him to be educated at Tarsus in Cilicia, a place of considerable wealth and repute, and he must have been about beginning his studies there when St. Paul as a little boy was first running about the streets. The life in Tarsus being too luxurious for Apollonius's aspirations, he became a water-drinker and a vegetarian, and betook himself as a recluse to the temple of Æsculapius at Agæ. Æsculapius, as the god of healing, and therefore the most practically useful, had become the most popular of the heathen divinities. He alone of them was supposed to remain beneficently active, and even to appear at times in visible form in sick-rooms and by sick-beds. Apollonius's devotion to Æsculapius means that he studied medicine. On the death of his father he divided his property among the poor, and after five years of retirement he travelled as far as India in search of knowledge. He discoursed with learned Brahmins there, and came home with enlightened ideas, and with some skill in the arts of the Indian jugglers. With these two possessions he began his career as a teacher in the Roman empire. He preached his new religion, and he worked miracles to induce people to believe in him. He was at Rome in Nero's time, when Simon Magus and St. Peter were there. Perhaps tradition has confused him with Simon Magus. In the convulsions which followed Nero's murder, being then an old man, he attached himself to Vespasian in Egypt. Vespasian, who

was not without his superstitions, and himself had been once persuaded to work a miracle, is said to have looked kindly on him and patronized him, and Apollonius blossomed out into glory as the spiritual adviser of the Vespasian dynasty. The cruelties of Domitian estranged him. He was accused of conspiring with Nerva, and of having sacrificed a child to bribe the gods in Nerva's interest. He was even charged with having pretended to be a god himself. He was arraigned, convicted, and was about to suffer, when he vanished out of the hands of the Roman police, to reappear at Ephesus, where he soon after died.

Clearly enough, we are off the ground of history in much of this. If Apollonius died at Ephesus in Nerva's time, he was a hundred years old at least, and must have been a contemporary with St. John there, who is supposed to have been writing his Gospel in the same city about that very time.

However that may be, it is certain that after his death a temple was raised to Apollonius at the place of his birth, and Tyana became a privileged city. Similar honors were assigned elsewhere to him as an evidence of the facility and completeness with which he had gained credit for his pretended divine commission. The truth about him is probably that he was a physician, and had obtained some real knowledge of the methods of curing diseases. In India, besides philosophy and juggling, he may have learnt to practise what is now called animal magnetism; and finding that he had a real power on the nervous system of hysterical patients, the nature of which he did not understand, he may have himself believed it to be supernatural. With these arts he succeeded in persuading his countrymen that he was "some great one," "a great power of God;" and both in life and death, in an age when the traditional religion was grown incredible, and the human race was craving for a new revelation, Apollonius of Tyana among many others, was looked upon through a large part of the Roman empire as an emanation of the divine nature. Such periods are the opportunities of false prophets. Mankind when they grow enthusiastic mistake their hopes and imaginations for evidence of truth, and run like sheep after every new pretender who professes to hold the key of the mystery which they are so passionately anxious to penetrate.

Our present business, however, is not with the prophet of Tyana. Apollonius

left a school of esoteric disciples behind him, with one of whom we are fortunately able to form a closer acquaintance. Apollonius we see through a mist of illusion. Alexander of Abonotichus we are able to look at with the eyes of the cleverest man who was alive on this planet in the second century. With the help of Lucian's portrait of Alexander we can discern, perhaps, the true lineaments of Apollonius himself. We can see, at any rate, what these workers of miracles really were, as well as the nature of the element in which they made their conquests, at the side of, and in open rivalry with, the teachers of Christianity.

A word first about Lucian himself. At the Christian era, and immediately after it, the Asiatic provinces of the empire were singularly productive of eminent men. The same intercourse of eastern and western civilization which produced the magicians was generating in all directions an active intellectual fermentation. The "disciples" were "called Christians first at Antioch." It was in Asia Minor that St. Paul first established a Gentile Church. There sprang up the multitude of heresies out of conflict with which the Christian creeds shaped themselves. And by the side of those who were constructing a positive faith, were found others who were watching the phenomena round them with an anxious but severe scepticism, unable themselves to find truth in the agitating speculations which were distracting everybody that came near them, but with a clear eye to distinguish knaves and impostors, and a resolution as honorable as St. Paul's to fight with and expose falsehood wherever they encountered it. Among these the most admirable was the satirist, artist, man of letters, the much-spoken-of and little-studied Lucian, the most gifted and perhaps the purest-hearted thinker outside the Church who was produced under the Roman empire. He was born at Samosata on the Euphrates about the year 120. He was intended for a sculptor, but his quick, discursive intellect led him into a wider field, and he spent his life as a critic of the spiritual phenomena of his age. To Christianity he paid little attention. To him it appeared but as one of the many phases of belief which were showing themselves among the ignorant and uneducated. But it was harmless, and he did not quarrel with it. He was one of a small circle of observers who looked on such things with the eyes of a man of science. Cool-headed, and with an honest hatred of lies,

he ridiculed the impious theology of the established pagan religion; with the same instinct he attacked the charlatans who came, like Apollonius, pretending to a divine commission. He was doing the Church's work when he seemed most distant from it, and was struggling against illusions peculiarly seductive to the class of minds to whom the Church particularly addressed itself. Thus to Lucian we are indebted for cross lights upon the history of times which show us how and why at that particular period Christianity was able to establish itself. His scientific contemporaries were more antagonistic to it than himself. The Celsus against whom Origen wrote his great defence was Lucian's intimate friend. But if Christianity was incredible and offensive to them, men like Apollonius of Tyana were infinitely more offensive. Christianity was at most a delusion. Apollonius of Tyana was a quack and a scoundrel. Besides the treatise which Origen answered, Celsus wrote a book against the magicians. Lucian speaks of Apollonius in a letter to Celsus as if they were both agreed about the character of the prophet of Tyana, and had this book survived we should have perhaps found a second picture there of Apollonius, which would have made impossible the rash parallels which have been attempted in modern times. The companion picture of Alexander of Abonotichus, by Lucian himself, happily remains. When the world was bowing down before this extraordinary rascal, Lucian traced out his history; and risked his own life in trying to explode the imposture. Though human folly proved too strong, and Alexander died, like Apollonius, with the supernatural aureole about him, Lucian, at the express desire of Celsus, placed on record a minute account of the man, lucid to the smallest detail. He describes him as a servant of the devil, in the most modern sense of the word—not of the prince of the power of the air, as a Christian Father would have described him, with evil genii at his bidding, but of the devil of lying and imposture with whom nowadays we are so sadly familiar. He commences with an apology for touching so base a subject; he undertakes it only at his friend's request. Nor can he tell the entire story. Alexander of Abonotichus was as great in rascaldom as Alexander of Macedon in war and politics. His exploits would fill large volumes, and the most which Lucian could do was to fill a few baskets from the dunghheap and offer

them as specimens. Even thus much he feels a certain shame in attempting. If the wretch had received his true deserts, he would have been torn in pieces by apes and foxes in the arena, and the very name of him would have been blotted out of memory. Biographies, however, had been written, and had given pleasure, of distinguished highwaymen; and an account of a man who had plundered, not a small district, but the whole Roman empire, might not be without its uses.

With these few words of contemptuous preface Lucian tells his story; and in a form still more abridged we now offer it to our readers.

Abonotichus was a small coast town on the south shore of the Black Sea, a few miles west of Sinope. At this place, at the beginning of the second century, the future prophet was brought into the world. His parents were in a humble rank of life. The boy was of unusual beauty; and having no inclination for work and a very strong inclination for pleasure, he turned his advantages to abominable account. By-and-by he was taken up by a doctor who had been one of Apollonius's disciples. The old villain had learned his master's arts. He understood medicine, could cure stomach-aches and headaches, set a limb, or assist at a lying-in. But besides his legitimate capabilities, he had set up for a magician. He dealt in spells and love-charms; he could find treasures with a divining-rod, discover lost deeds and wills, provide heirs for disputed inheritances, and, when well paid for it, he knew how to mix a poison. In these arts the young Alexander became an apt pupil and was useful as a sort of *famulus*. He learned Apollonius's traditionary secrets, and at the age of twenty, when his master died, he was in a condition to practise on his own account.

He was now thrown on the world to shift for himself. But his spirits were light, and his confidence in himself was boundless: as long as there were fools with money in their pockets, he could have a well-founded hope of transferring part of it to his own. A provincial town was too small a theatre of operations. He set off for Byzantium, the great mart of ancient commerce, which was thronged with merchants from all parts of the world. Like seeks to like. At Byzantium, Alexander made acquaintance with a vagabond named Cocconas, a fellow who gained a living by foretelling the winners at games and races, lounging in the betting rings, and gambling with idle young gentlemen.

By this means he found entrance into what was called society. Alexander was more beautiful as a man than as a boy. Cocconas introduced him to a rich Macedonian lady, who was spending the season in the city. The lady fell in love with him, and, on her return to her country-seat at Pella, carried Alexander and his friend along with her. This was very well for a time; but the situation, perhaps, had its drawbacks. Aspiring ambition is not easily satisfied; and the young heart began to sigh for a larger sphere.

In the midst of pleasure he had an eye for business. In Macedonia, and especially about Pella, there was at this time a great number of large, harmless snakes. They came into the houses, where they were useful in keeping down rats and mice; they let the children play with them; they crept into beds at night, and were never interfered with. From this local peculiarity the story, perhaps, originated of the miraculous birth of Alexander the Great. It occurred to the two adventurers that something might be made of one of these serpents. They bought a very handsome specimen, and soon after they left Pella, taking it with them.

For a while they lounged about together, carrying on Cocconas's old trade, and expanding it into fortune-telling. Fools, they observed, were always craving to know the future, and would listen to any one who pretended to see into it. In this way they made much money, and they found the art so easy that their views went higher. They proposed to set up an oracular shrine of their own, which would take the place of Delphi and Delos. The pythonesses on the old-established tripods were growing silent. Apollo, it seemed, was tired of attending them, and inquirers were often sent away unsatisfied. There was clearly a want in the world, and Alexander and his friend thought they saw their way towards supplying it.

The loss of oracles was not the whole of the misfortune. The world was beginning to feel that it had even lost God. The Greek mythology had grown incredible. The Epicureans were saying that there was no such thing as providence, and never had been. The majority of people were still of a different opinion; but they were uneasy, and were feeling very generally indeed that if gods there were, they ought to make their existence better known. Here was an opportunity, not only of making a fortune, but of vindicating the great principles of

religion and becoming benefactors of humanity.

They decided to try. Sleight of hand and cunning might succeed when philosophy had failed. Was it said there were no gods? They would produce a god, a real, visible god, that men could feel and handle, that would itself speak and give out oracles, and so silence forever the wicked unbelievers. So far they saw their way. The next question was, the place where the god was to appear. Cocconas was for Chalcedon, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. It was a busy place, almost as full of merchants as Byzantium; the population all busy with speculation, and money in any quantity to be made there. This was good as far as it went. But Chalcedon was too much in the light. The pagan gods, as the shrewder Alexander knew, were not fond of commercial cities. Christianity throve in the busy haunts of men. Caves, mountains, and woods, remote islands, retired provincial villages, suited better with Apollo and Æsculapius. Traders' wits were sharpened with business, and they might be unpleasantly curious. The simple inhabitants of the interior, Phrygians and Bithynians, Galatians and Cappadocians, would be an easier prey where a reputation had first to be created; and success depended on a favorable beginning. At his own Abonotichus, he told Cocconas that a man had only to appear with a fife and drum before him, and clashing a pair of cymbals, and the whole population would be on their knees before him.

The better judgment of Alexander carried the day. Abonotichus itself was decided on as the theatre of operations. Cocconas, however, was allowed to introduce Chalcedon into the first act of the drama. Æsculapius, the best believed in of the surviving divinities, was the god who was to be incarnated. Joe Smith must have read Lucian's story, and have taken a hint from it. In the temple of Apollo at Chalcedon, the bold adventurers buried some brass plates, bearing an inscription that Apollo and Æsculapius were about to visit Pontus, and that Æsculapius would appear at Abonotichus in a bodily form. The plates were conveniently discovered, and became the talk of the bazaars. Merchants going and coming spread the story. Asia Minor was excited, as well it might be. At the favored Abonotichus the delighted people resolved to build a temple to receive the god at his coming, and they set to work



at once, clearing the ground for the foundations.

The train being thus well laid, Alexander had no further need of a companion. Cocconas was a vulgar type of rogue, unfit for the decorous hypocrisies which were now to be acted. He was left behind on some pretext, at Chalcedon, where he died, it was said from a snake-bite, and so drops out of sight. The supreme performer returned, with the field to himself, to his native town. Lucian describes him as he then appeared; tall, majestic, extremely handsome, hair long and flowing, complexion fair, a moderate beard, partly his own and partly false, but the imitation excellent, eyes large and lustrous, and a voice sweet and limpid. As to his character, says Lucian, "God grant that I may never meet with such another. His cunning was wonderful, his dexterity matchless. His eagerness for knowledge, his capacity for learning, and power of memory, were equally extraordinary."

The simple citizens of Abonotichus, on the gape already for the coming of a god among them, had no chance against so capable a villain. They had not seen him since the wonderful days of his boyhood, when he had been known as the *famulus* of an old wizard. He now presented himself among them, his locks wildly streaming, in a purple tunic with a white cloak thrown over it. In his hand he bore a falchion like that with which Perseus had slain the Gorgon. He chanted a doggerel of Alexandrian metaphysics, with monads and triads, pentads and decads, playing in anagrams upon his own name. He had learned from an oracle, he said, that Perseus was his mother's ancestor, and that a wonderful destiny had been foretold for him. He rolled his beautiful, soft eyes. With the help of soap-wort he foamed at the mouth as if possessed. The poor people had known his mother, and had no conception of her illustrious lineage. But there was no disputing with an oracle. What an oracle said must be true. He was received with an ovation, all the town bowing down before him, and he then prepared for his next step.

The snake throughout the East was the symbol of knowledge and immortality. The serpent with his tail in his mouth represented the circle of eternity. The serpent in annually shedding its skin was supposed to renew its life forever. A sect even of Gnostic Christians were serpent-worshippers. From the time of the brazen serpent in the wilderness, it was

the special emblem of the art of healing; and if the divine physician ever appeared on earth in visible shape, a snake's was the form which he might be expected to assume.

The snake which had been bought at Pella was now to be applied to its purpose. The monster, for it was of enormous size, had accompanied Alexander through his subsequent adventures. It had become so tame that it would coil about his body, and remain in any position which he desired. He had made a human face out of linen for it, which he had painted with extreme ingenuity. The mouth would open and shut by an arrangement of horsehair. The black forked tongue shot in and out, and the creature had grown accustomed to its mask and wore it without objection.

A full-grown divinity being thus ready at hand, the intending prophet next furnished himself with the egg of a goose, opened it, cleared out the contents, and placed inside a small embryo snake just born. This done, he filled the cracks, and smoothed them over with wax and white lead. Æsculapius's temple was meanwhile making progress. The foundations had been dug, and there were pits and holes, which a recent rain had filled with water. In one of these muddy pools Alexander concealed his egg, as he had done the plates at Chalcedon, and the next morning he rushed into the marketplace in a state of frenzy, almost naked, a girdle of gold tissue about his waist, hair streaming, eyes flashing, mouth foaming, and the Perseus falchion wheeling about his head. The crowd collected at the sight of him, frantic as himself. He sprang upon some mound or bench. "Blessed," he cried, "be this town of Abonotichus, and blessed be they that dwell in it. This day the prophecy is fulfilled, and God is coming to take his place among us."

The entire population was out, old and young, men and women, quivering with hope and emotion. Alexander made an oration in an unknown tongue; some said it was Hebrew, some Phœnician, all agreed that it was inspired. The only words articulately heard were the names of Apollo and Æsculapius. When he had done he set up the familiar psalm of the sun-god, and moved, with the crowd singing in chorus behind him, to the site of the temple. He stepped into the water, offered a prayer to Æsculapius, and then asking for a bowl, he scooped his egg out of the mud.

"Æsculapius is here," he said, holding it for a moment in the hollow of his hand. And then, with every eye fixed on him in the intensity of expectation, he broke it. The tiny creature twisted about his fingers. "It moves, it moves!" the people cried in ecstasy. Not a question was asked. To doubt would have been impious. They shouted. They blessed the gods. They blessed themselves for the glory which they had witnessed. Health, wealth, all pleasant things which the gods could give, they saw raining on the happy Abonotichus. Alexander swept back to his house, bearing the divinity in his bosom, the awestruck people following. For a few days there was a pause, while the tale of what had happened spread along the shores of the Black Sea. Then on foot, on mules, in carts, in boats, multitudes flocked in from all directions to the birthplace of Æsculapius. The roads were choked with them; the town overflowed with them. "They had the forms of men," as Lucian says, "but they were as sheep in all besides, heads and hearts empty alike." Alexander was ready for their reception. He had erected a booth or tabernacle with a door at each end and a railed passage leading from one door to the other. Behind the rail on a couch in a subdued light, the prophet sat visible to every one, the snake from Pella wreathed about his neck, the coils glittering amidst the folds of his dress, the tail playing on the ground. The head was concealed; but occasionally the prophet raised his arm, and then appeared an awful face, the mouth moving, the tongue darting in and out. There it was, the veritable traditional serpent with the human countenance which appears in the mediæval pictures of the temptation and the fall.

The prophet told the spectators that into this mysterious being the embryo that was found in the egg had developed in a few days. The place was dark; the crowd which was pressing to be admitted was enormous. The stream of worshippers passed quickly from door to door. They could but look and give place to others. But a single glance was enough for minds disposed to believe. The rapidity of the creature's growth, so far from exciting suspicion, was only a fresh evidence of its miraculous nature. The first exhibition was so successful that others followed. The first visitors had been chiefly the poor; but as the fame of the appearance spread, the higher classes caught the infection. Men of fortune came with rich offerings; and so

confident was Alexander in their folly, that those who gave most liberally were allowed to touch the scales and to look steadily at the moving mouth. So well the trick was done that Lucian says, "Epicurus himself would have been taken in." "Nothing could save a man but a mind with the firmness of adamant, and fortified by a scientific conviction that the thing which he supposed himself to see was a physical impossibility."

The wonder was still imperfect. The divinity was there, but as yet he had not spoken. The excitement, however, grew and spread. All Asia Minor was caught with it. The old stories were true, then. There were gods after all, and the wicked philosophers were wrong. Heavy hearts were lifted up again. From lip to lip the blessed message flew; over Galatia, over Bithynia, away across the Bosphorus, into Thrace and Macedonia. A god, a real one, had been born at Abonotichus, with a serpent's body and the face of a man. Pictures were taken of him. Images were made in brass or silver, and circulated in thousands. At length it was announced that the lips had given an articulate sound.

"I am Glycon, the sweet one," the creature had said, "the third blood of Zeus, and the light of the world."

The temple was now finished. Proper accommodation had been provided for Æsculapius and his prophet priest; and a public announcement was made that the god, for a proper consideration, would answer any questions which might be put to him. There was a doubt at first about the tariff. Amphilochus, who had migrated from Thebes to a shrine in Cilicia, and had been prophesying there for ten centuries, charged two obols, or three pence, for each oracle; but money had fallen in value, and answers directly from a god were in themselves of higher worth. Æsculapius, or Alexander for him, demanded eight obols, or a shilling. Days and hours were fixed when inquirers could be received. They were expected to send in their names beforehand, and to write their questions on a paper or parchment, which they might seal up in any way that they pleased. Alexander received the packets from their hands, and after a day, or sometimes two days, restored them with the answers to the questions attached.

People came, of course, in thousands. The seals being apparently unbroken, the mere fact that an answer was given of some kind predisposed them to be satis-



fied with it. Either a thin knife-blade made red-hot had been passed under the wax, or a cast of the impression was taken in collyrium and a new seal was manufactured. The obvious explanation occurred to no one. People in search of the miraculous never like to be disappointed. Either they themselves betray their secrets, or they ask questions so foolish that it cannot be known whether the answer is true or false. Most of the inquirers came to consult Æsculapius about their health, and Alexander knew medicine enough to be able generally to read in their faces what was the matter with them. Thus they were easily satisfied, and went away as convinced as when they arrived. The names being given in beforehand, private information was easily obtained from slaves or companions. Shrewd guesses were miracles, when they were correct, and one success outweighed a hundred failures. In cases of difficulty the oracular method was always in reserve, with the ambiguities of magniloquent nonsense. The real strength of Alexander was in his professional skill, which usually was in itself all-sufficient. He had a special quack remedy of his own, which he prescribed as a panacea, a kind of plaster made out of goat's fat. To aspiring politicians, young lovers, or heirs expectant, he replied that his fates were undecided, and that the event depended on the will of Æsculapius and the intercessions of his prophet.

Never was audacity greater or more splendidly rewarded. The gold ingots sent to Delphi were as nothing compared to the treasures which streamed into Abonotichus. Each question was separately paid for, and ten or fifteen were not enough for the curiosity of single visitors. The work soon outgrew the strength of a single man. The prophet had an army of disciples, who were munificently paid. They were employed some as servants, some as spies, oracle manufacturers, secretaries, keepers of seals, or interpreters of the various Asiatic dialects. Each applicant received his answer in his own tongue, to his overwhelming admiration. Success brought fresh ambitions with it. Emissaries were dispersed through the empire spreading the fame of the new prophet; instigating fools to consult the oracle, and letting Alexander know who they were and what they wanted. If a slave had run away, if a will could not be found, if a treasure had been secreted, if a robbery was undiscovered, Alexander became the universal resource. The air

was full of miracles. The sick were healed. The dead were raised to life, or were reported and were believed to have been raised, which came to the same thing. To believe was a duty, to doubt was a sin. A god had come on earth to save a world which was perishing in scepticism. Simple hearts were bounding with gratitude; and no devotion could be too extreme, and no expression of it in the form of offerings too extravagant. Æsculapius might have built a throne of gold for himself out of the pious contributions of the faithful. Being a god, he was personally disinterested. "Gold and silver," he said through the oracle, "were nothing to him; he commanded only that his servant the prophet should receive the honors due to him."

High favor such as had fallen upon Alexander could not be enjoyed without some drawbacks. The world believed, but an envious minority remained incredulous, and whispered that the prophet was a charlatan. The men of science persisted that miracles were against nature, and that a professing worker of miracles was necessarily a rogue. The Christians, to whom Lucian does full justice in the matter, regarded Alexander as a missionary of the devil, and abhorred both him and his works. Combinations were formed to expose him. Traps were cleverly laid for him, into which all his adroitness could not save him from occasionally falling. But he had contrived to entangle his personal credit in the great spiritual questions which were agitating mankind, and to enlist in his interest the pious side of paganism. The schools of philosophy were divided about him. The respectable sects, Platonists, Stoics, and Pythagoreans, who believed in a spiritual system underlying the sensible, saw in the manifestation at Abonotichus a revelation in harmony with their theories. If they did not wholly believe, they looked at it as a phenomenon useful to an age which was denying the supernatural.

Alexander, quick to catch at the prevailing influences, flattered the philosophers in turn. Pythagoras was made a saint in his calendar. He spoke of Pythagoras as the greatest of the ancient sages. He claimed to represent him; at length he let it be known privately that he was Pythagoras. He gilt his thigh, and the yellow lustre was allowed to be seen. The wise man of Samos was again present unrecognized, like Apollo among the herdsmen of Admetus.

The philosophers of the second cen-

tury, if Lucian can be believed, were not a lofty set of beings. They professed sublime doctrines, but the doctrines had little effect on their lives, and the different schools hated one another with genuine sectarian intensity. The Pythagoreans were little better than their rivals, but their teaching was more respectable. They insisted that men had souls as well as bodies. They believed in immortality and future retribution, and they had the sympathies with them of the decent part of society. Alexander's instinct led him to them as the best friends he could have; and they in turn were ready to play into his hands in their own interests. By their mystical theories they were the natural victims of illusion. Opinions adopted but of superstition or emotion cannot be encountered by reason. They are like epidemic diseases which seize and subdue the mental constitution. They yield only when they have spent their force, and are superseded by other beliefs of an analogous kind. The spiritual world is ruled by homeopathy, and one disorder is only cured by a second and a similar one.

Thus supported, therefore, Pythagoras Alexander replied to attempts at exposure by open defiance. Pontus, he said, was full of blaspheming atheists and Christians; Æsculapius was displeased that, after he had condescended to come among his people, such wretches should be any longer tolerated; and he demanded that they should be stoned out of the province. A pious inquirer was set to ask after the soul of Epicurus. Æsculapius answered that Epicurus was in hell, lying in filth, and in chains of lead. The Pythagoreans clapped their hands. Hell, they had always said, was the proper place for him; and he was there; the oracle had declared it.

It is very interesting to find two classes of men, generally supposed to be so antagonistic as the men of science and the Christians, standing alone together against the world as the opponents of a lying scoundrel. The explanation of their union was that each of them had hold of a side of real truth, while the respectable world was given over to shadows. The Epicureans understood the laws of nature and the principles of evidence. The Christians had a new ideal of human life and duty in them, which was to regenerate the whole race of mankind. It was thus fit and right that they should work together against a wretch who understood nothing but human folly

and the art of playing upon it, and against the gulls and idiots who were ready to swallow any absurdity which surprised or flattered them.

The Epicureans were Alexanders's most dangerous enemies; for they had friends in the higher circles of society. Amestris, between Abonotichus and the Bosphorus, was the seat of the provincial administration. Lepidus, the Roman prætor, was a man of sense and culture. The town took its intellectual tone from him, and was unfavorable to the prophet's pretensions. Ingenious tricks had been played upon him from that quarter, with too much success; and he had been driven to announce that for the future no inquiries sent from Amestris would be entertained. Some mockeries had followed. Alexander could not afford to let the public enthusiasm cool, and mistakes for the future must be avoided. Æsculapius had hitherto communicated with his worshippers in writing. When he uttered sounds, it was in private to the prophet. To silence doubt, the serpent was now to be heard directly speaking. A tube was fitted through which articulate noises could be made to issue from the snake's mouth with the help of a confederate behind the curtain. Select visitors only were admitted to this especially sacred performance, and a high price had to be paid for it. But the experiment was tried with perfect success; and the method was found to have its conveniences. The word-of-mouth oracles were taken down and were given afterwards to the world; but if mistakes had been made, they could be altered before publication. An accident of the kind happened shortly after which might have been disastrous if the original practice had been followed, but which Alexander was able to turn into a brilliant success.

Severian, a Roman general, had been sent by the emperor Verus to invade Armenia. He called at Abonotichus on his way, to learn if he was likely to succeed, and Æsculapius encouraged him with his own lips in bad Homeric verse. He had told Severian that he would subdue the Armenians, and return in glory to Rome with the bay wreath on his temples and wearing the golden circlet of Apollo. Severian, whether he believed Æsculapius or not, went his way, lost his army, and was himself killed. The oracle was immediately reversed. The line which appeared in the published record was: "Go not against the Armenians, where death and disaster await thee." Thus out of

"the nettle danger" Alexander "had plucked the flower safety." The death of Severian was explained by his neglect or defiance of the warning. In another way, too, he showed his prudence. He made friends at the rival shrines. Monopolies, he knew, were odious and dangerous. If *Æsculapius* spoke through him, *Apollo* spoke now and then elsewhere. He would sometimes tell a patient that he had no message for him, and that he must go for advice to *Claros* or to the cave of the *Branchidæ*.

Thus he continued to baffle his detractors, and to rise from glory to glory. His fame reached the imperial court, and to consult Alexander became the fashion in high Roman society. Ladies of rank, men of business, intriguing generals or senators, took into their counsels the prophet of *Abonotichus*. Some who had perilous political schemes on hand were rash enough to commit their secrets to paper, and to send them, under the protection of their seals, for the opinion of *Æsculapius*. The prophet, when he discovered matter of this kind, kept the packets by him without returning them. He thus held the writers in his power, and made them feel that their lives were in his hands.

And there were others in high position, men of thought who were waiting for some kind of revelation, that sought him out from purer motives. *Rutilian*, a senator, in favor with the emperor, a man of ability, who had passed his life in the public service, and still held an important office, adopted Alexander for his spiritual father. *Rutilian* was a *Pythagorean* of most devout temperament, assiduous in prayers to the invisible being or beings of whose existence he was assured. When he heard that *Æsculapius* had come into the world, he had already a predisposition to believe, and was prevented only by public duties from flying to learn if the news was true. He could not go to *Pontus* himself, but he sent friends on whom he could rely, and whose temperament resembled his own. The majestic appearance of the prophet, the inspired eyes, the rich, sweet voice, awed them into immediate conviction. They were shown wonders; but they had believed before they had seen, and they returned to Rome to exaggerate what they had witnessed. *Rutilian*, receiving their report into his own eager imagination, brought it out of the crucible again transfigured yet more gloriously. He was a man of known piety and veracity, incapable of conscious

falsehood, true and just in all his dealings. Astonished Rome could not yet wholly surrender itself. Officers of the imperial household hastened over to see with their own eyes. It had not occurred to them that they might see things which they could not explain, yet that what they saw might be no more than a trick. Men without scientific training who trust their own judgment in such matters are the natural prey of charlatans. These gentlemen came to *Abonotichus*. They were received with the highest honors. Alexander displayed his miracles to them, made them handsome presents, and sent them home open-mouthed to glorify *Æsculapius* and his prophet in the fullest confidence that they were speaking nothing but the truth. *Rutilian* was triumphant. He was now either relieved from office, or he obtained leave of absence, and at last was able to throw himself in person at the apostle's feet. He was sixty years old at the time when the acquaintance began. His wife was dead, and he had one only son. The first question which he asked Alexander was about his boy's education. Alexander told him that his teachers were to be *Pythagoras* and *Homer*. The child died, and went to his tutors in *Hades*; and the prophet at the first step had given a convincing proof of his inspiration. *Lucian*, in his contempt of folly, half pardons Alexander when such a man as *Rutilian* was so eager to be his dupe. The new disciple, being a *Pythagorean*, believed in pre-existence. He asked through what personalities he had himself passed already. Alexander told him that he had been no less a person than *Achilles*. After *Achilles* he had been *Menander*, and when his present life was over he was to become immortal, and live thenceforward as a sunbeam. *Rutilian* believed it all. No absurdity was too monstrous for him. While he on his part was infinitely useful to Alexander. Few sceptics were hardy enough thenceforward to question the character of the friend of the emperor's favorite.

Among his female adorers or connections, of whom Alexander had as many as *Brigham Young*, there was a girl whom he called his daughter, on the mother's side of exalted parentage. *Selene*, or the moon, had seen Alexander sleeping like *Endymion*, had become enamored of him, and had descended to his embraces. The young lady he declared to be the offspring of this celestial union. *Rutilian* being a widower was informed that *Selene* and *Æsculapius* had selected him to be her

husband. He was delighted. He believed the marriage to be an adoption into heaven. Like Menelaus, he would never die, being the son-in-law of a god, and the nuptials were celebrated with august solemnity.

Abonotichus after this became a holy city, a Mecca, a place of pilgrimage. The prophet was a power in the empire, and began to surround himself with pomp and display. Among other ceremonies he instituted a public service in the temple in imitation of the mysteries of Eleusis. That he was able to present such scenes with impunity is a most curious illustration of the mental condition of the time.

The service commenced with a procession of acolytes carrying torches, the prophet at their head, like the priests of Ceres, giving notice to the profane to keep aloof, and inviting the believers in Æsculapius to approach and take part in the holy mystery. The profane whom he specially meant were the Christians and the atheists. The prophet spoke; the congregation answered. The prophet said, "Away with the Christians!" The people replied, "Away with the atheists!" Those who presented themselves for communion were examined first by Alexander to ascertain their fitness. If found unorthodox, they were excluded from the temple. The ceremonial then commenced. It consisted of a series of tableaux. The first day was given to representations of the lying-in of Latona, the birth of Apollo, the marriage of Apollo and Coronis, with the issue of it in the generation of Æsculapius. On the second day there was the incarnation of "the sweet one," with the Chalcedon plates, the goose egg, and the snake. Alexander himself was the hero of the third. A new revelation, it seems, had informed him of mysterious circumstances attending his own coming into the world. His mother had been visited by Podalirius, Æsculapius's mythical son. The temple was then brilliantly illuminated. The prophet, after some preliminary gesticulations, laid himself down, as Endymion, to sleep upon a couch. Selene, the moon, personated by the beautiful wife of an officer of the imperial court, who was the prophet's mistress, descended upon him from the roof and covered him with kisses, the husband looking on, delighted with the honor which had fallen upon him.

In the final scene, Alexander reappeared in his priestly dress. A hymn was sung to the snake, the congregation

accompanying or responding. The choir then formed into a circle and went through a mystic dance, the prophet standing in the centre.

The miraculous birth of Alexander, after being thus announced, was made into an article of faith, which the disciples were bound to receive. A difficulty arose which had not been foreseen. If he was the son of a god, how could he be Pythagoras? and how came he by the golden thigh? He was equal to the occasion; he was not Pythagoras, he said, and yet he was. He had the same soul with Pythagoras. It was the spirit of God, which waned and was renewed like the moon. The spirit descended from heaven at special times and on special persons, and again ascended when its purpose was attained. The gold thigh was perhaps explained as its accompanying symbol.

Having identified himself with the Pythagoreans, he announced with authority the general truth of their doctrines. He insisted on an elevated morality, and directed his disciples to abstain from sensual vices. The rules, however, had no application to himself, and behind the veil he created a Cyprian paradise. His reputation being so well established, the privilege of admission to the temple rites was eagerly sought after.

The oracle, meanwhile, was active as ever, and now and then by its mistakes produced frightful injustice. A Paphlagonian gentleman had sent his son to be educated at Alexandria. The boy had joined an expedition up the Nile, where he fell in with some merchants, on their way to the Red Sea and India. Curiosity led him to accompany them; and his household in the city, who had charge of him, after waiting for a while and finding that he did not come back, concluded that he had been drowned in the river, and returned to Paphlagonia with the news that the boy was dead. The father consulted the seer of Abonotichus. Alexander informed him that his son had been made away with by the servants. The Roman governor was appealed to. The word of Alexander, supported as he was by Rutilian, was conclusive, and the unfortunate wretches were thrown to the wild beasts. Soon after, the boy appeared, none the worse for his journey; and an indignant friend of the family went to Abonotichus to expose the impostor before his worshippers. Unfortunately, a superstition once established is proof against commonplace evidence. Alexander only answered by telling the



congregation to stone the blasphemer, who was rescued when nearly dead by the interposition of a casual traveller.

Another adventure into which he fell might have been more dangerous. The war of Marcus Aurelius with the Marcomanni was the occasion of the celebrated story in Christian mythology of the thundering legion. It is difficult, and even impossible, to reconcile the account of the war in the Christian legend with Lucian's description of it; but Lucian was alive at the time, and when he says that the emperor was disastrously defeated, he is unlikely to have been mistaken. Lucian says that Marcus Aurelius, before he began the campaign, applied to Alexander. Alexander told him that if he devoted two lions to the gods and threw them into the Danube, there would be a glorious victory and a happy peace. The lions swam the river, landed on the opposite bank, and were immediately killed. The emperor lost a battle and many thousand men. Aquileia itself nearly escaped being taken.

This catastrophe tried the faith even of Rutilian. Alexander, however, told him that the gods had foretold a victory, but had not allowed him to know on which side the victory would be. Rutilian resisted temptation and continued to believe.

Affairs, however, had become serious, when such a man was allowed to play with the interests of the empire. Intelligent Romans went to Abonotichus to make inquiries, and were so troublesome that Æsculapius had to interfere. When a stranger arrived, the god decided whether he was to be admitted to reside in the town. A suspicious visitor was ordered to depart under penalties. At last, as a public warning against the dangerous spirit of scepticism, Alexander burnt a copy of the writings of Epicurus in the market square, and threw the ashes into the sea. Lepidus of Amestris, the Roman governor, made another effort. The prophet was on his guard against laymen; but a priest, it was thought, might be more fortunate. A priest was sent, but unluckily the priest was a fool and gave Alexander a new triumph. He was granted an interview with "the sweet one," and a conversation followed which Lucian saw hung up in a temple at Tium, written in letters of gold:

*Priest.* Tell me, Lord Glycon, who art thou?  
*Glycon.* I am the young Æsculapius, the second and not the first. This is a mystery, which may not be revealed.

*Priest.* How long wilt thou remain with us?  
*Glycon.* My time is a thousand years and three. Then I go to the East to the barbarians. They also must hear my word.

*Priest.* What will become of me after this life?  
*Glycon.* First thou wilt be a camel, and then a prophet like Alexander.

The dialogue ended with a curse on Lepidus for his inquisitiveness and unbelief.

Other means failing, the adventure was next undertaken by Lucian himself. Lucian was a friend of Rutilian. He had many times remonstrated with him. He had endeavored to prevent his marriage. He had protested against the countenance which Rutilian was lending to a lying rogue. Rutilian pitied Lucian's hardness of heart, and perhaps advised him to go to Abonotichus and examine for himself. Lucian at any rate went. Rutilian's friendship secured him respectful treatment. Alexander received him with extreme courtesy, and he admits that the prophet's manners and appearance surprised and struck him. But Lucian was fortified with a conviction that all pretenders to supernatural powers were enthusiasts or impostors, that miracles had never been and could not be. He tried Æsculapius with unusual questions. He asked him first if the prophet wore false hair. He sealed his envelope so skilfully that it could not be opened, and he received an answer in an "unknown tongue." He discovered next that the prophet had been sounding his valet as to Lucian's object in coming to him. The valet was faithful, and Lucian bade him tell Alexander that he was suffering from a pain in his side. He then wrote on two slips of paper, "What was the birthplace of Homer?" enclosed them in two packets, and sealed them as before. The valet informed the prophet that one referred to the pain, and that the other was to ask whether his master should return to Italy by land or sea. The replies were first an advice to try Alexander's plaster, secondly an intimation that a voyage would prove dangerous. These experiments would have been enough for Lucian, but his object was rather to convince his friend than himself, and he tried again.

This time he wrote, "When will the villanies of Alexander be exposed?" At the back of the envelope he made a note that it contained eight questions, all of which he paid for. The prophet was completely caught; he returned eight answers, the whole of them unintelligible; and with demonstration, as he thought, in his hands, Lucian went to his friend.

He found his labor thrown away. Belief in the marvellous does not rise from evidence and will not yield to it. There is the easy answer, that infidels are answered according to the impiety of their hearts, that the gods will not and perhaps cannot work miracles in the presence of sceptics. Nothing came of this first visit except that Lucian lost the regard of his friend, whom Alexander warned against him. But he had become interested in the matter; he determined to probe the mystery to the bottom. He went to the governor and offered, if he could have security for his life, to furnish him with proofs of the imposition which would justify the interference of the police.

The governor gave him a guard of soldiers, and thus attended he went to Abonotichus a second time. The prophet was holding his *levée*. Lucian presented himself, neglecting to make an obeisance, to the general scandal. The prophet took no notice, but gave him his hand to kiss, and Lucian bit it to the bone. The believers shrieked, and Lucian would have been strangled but for his guard. Alexander, however, to his surprise and real admiration, bore the pain manfully. He told his friends that he and his god had tamed ruder spirits than Lucian's; he bade them all retire, and leave him and his visitor together.

When they were alone, he asked Lucian quietly why a person whose acquaintance he had valued, was determined to be his enemy. Calmness is always agreeable. Lucian never doubted for a moment Alexander's real character, but the prophet interested him in spite of himself. That he might study him at leisure, he accepted his overtures, and even entered into some kind of intimacy with him. He stayed for some days at Abonotichus. The worshippers were astonished to find an open blasphemer admitted to confidential intercourse with their chief. And Alexander undoubtedly succeeded, if not in disarming his guest's suspicions, yet in softening the vehemence of his dislike. He was so clever, so well-informed, apparently so frank and open, that, as Lucian said, he would have taken in Epicurus himself. The search for evidence against him was dropped, the governor's guard was sent home, and Lucian after a prolonged visit accepted an offer from Alexander to send him by water to the Bosphorus. The prophet placed at his disposition one of his finest vessels, saw him on board, loaded him with presents, and so dismissed him.

Keener-witted man than Lucian was not alive on earth; yet his wit had not saved him from being to some extent deceived, and he had a near escape of paying with his life for his credulity. He had not been long at sea when he observed the pilot and crew consulting together. The crew were insisting upon something to which the pilot would not consent. The pilot at length came to him and said that "Alexander's orders were that Lucian was to be thrown overboard; he had a wife and children, he had lived respectably for sixty years, and did not wish in his old age to stain his conscience with a murder. He could not go on to the Bosphorus, but he would put his passenger on shore."

Lucian was landed in Bithynia. He was a person of considerable public influence. He had powerful friends in the province and at Rome. He was looked on favorably by Marcus Aurelius himself. He laid his story before the governor, not Lepidus, but another, and Lucian, if any one, might be assured that what he said would receive attention. But in an era of belief, reason and fact are powerless; the governor told him that if he could convict Alexander on the clearest evidence it would be impossible to punish him. Prophet he was in the opinion of the whole country, and prophet he would remain. Lucian was as little successful as his predecessors, and his interference had gained him nothing except materials for the singular account which he has left behind. Rutilian was abandoned to fate and to the daughter of the moon, and the glories of the prophet of Abonotichus were established above the reach of calumny. The emperor bestowed distinctions on him. The name of his town was changed. Coins were struck, and now are extant, with "the sweet one's" face on one side and Alexander's on the other. He lived to be an old man, and died with his fame undimmed and the belief in him unabated. What became of the snake, history omits to tell.

The superstition did not break in pieces at once. The oracle continued to prophesy after Alexander's death, and there was a competition among the disciples as to which of them was to succeed him. The favorite candidate was an old physician, who, Lucian says, ought not to have been found in such company. The dispute was referred at last to Rutilian, who decided that no successor was needed. Alexander was not dead, but was trans-



lated merely into a better world, from which he still watched over his faithful followers.

So ends this singular story, valuable for the light which it throws on a critical epoch in human history, and especially on the disposition of the people among whom Paul and Barnabas were taken for gods, and among whom Paul founded his seven churches. Christianity exactly met what they were searching for in an ennobling and purifying form, and saved those who accepted it from being the victims of sham prophets like Alexander. To persons so circumstanced, men of intellect like Lucian addressed themselves in vain. The science of Epicurus was merely negative. He might insist that miracles were an illusion, and that the laws of nature were never broken; but to the human heart craving for light from heaven, and refusing to be satisfied without it, Epicurus had not a word to say, not a word of what lay behind the veil, not a word which would serve for guidance in the paths of ordinary duty. Intellect and experience may make it probable to thoughtful persons that morality and happiness go together; but when all is said, clever men are found of a different opinion; and if the human race had waited to recognize the sanctions of moral obligation till science had made out on what they rested to its own satisfaction, the first steps out of barbarism would have been never taken. Knowledge is a plant which grows but slowly. Those who gather knowledge must live before they can learn. How to live therefore, how to distinguish good from evil, press first for an immediate answer. And the answer was given by conscience whole æons before reflecting intellect had constructed its theories of expediency and the greatest happiness of the greatest number.

Out of conscience grows religion; but religion when St. Paul came was dead, and the educated multitudes in the empire were sitting by the body of it, unable to believe that it was gone, and still passionately hoping that the silent gods would again speak to them out of heaven. So intense was the longing, that reason had abdicated its proper function; any plausible pretender could collect disciples in millions; and to an audience thus prepared to receive it, Christianity was originally offered. Independent of philosophy, the better sort of men hate evil and impurity; their instincts were recognized and justified in the new creed, and they welcomed it as a reviving principle

of moral life. It did not save them from illusions which men of science would have escaped. Holiness of life is no protection against freaks of imagination; God is so near to the believer that he sees his action everywhere, and the hagiology of the early Church is as full of legend as the pagan mythology. The Apocryphal Gospels breathe a spirit to the full as credulous as the story of the incarnation of Glycon at Abonotichus; with this essential and enormous difference, however, that the credulity of the Christians was dominated by conscience, and they detected a polluted impostor with as sure an instinct as the most cultivated Epicurean.

J. A. FROUDE.

#### A DOUBTING HEART.

BY MISS KEARY,

AUTHOR OF "CASTLE DALY," "OLDBURY," ETC.

#### CHAPTER XXXVI.

#### ATE.

THE summer had been a very hot one, but September had set in damp and gusty, and the sudden change of temperature brought an increase in Mrs. Anstice's ailments, which cast a degree of gloom over the latter part of the Riverses' visit to Leigh. Lady Rivers naturally resented any hint of alarm respecting the symptoms of an illness resembling her own, and was alternately disposed to fret over the prospect of Alma's being saddled with a permanent invalid in her married home, and to grow agitated under a sudden dread that something immediate might happen to postpone the wedding. To be sure it would only entail a delay of a few weeks, for what was this poor Mrs. Anstice to any of them? but even a short delay would cause grave inconvenience, and would give the Kirkmans a handle to talk. It made Lady Rivers's hair stand on end even to think of the triumph that would fill Mrs. Kirkman's heart, if the smallest excuse were given her for saying that the fine fish for which Miss Rivers had angled so shamelessly, had escaped from her net just as it was landed. "And you know, Alma, she is quite capable of saying that or something still more vulgar, if she could think of it, and she is cleverer than I am, your father says; but then he thinks anybody cleverer than I am." Sir Francis Rivers came to Leigh for the last week of the

visit, and his presence diverted from Alma the hearing of some of her mother's complaints and forebodings. On the other hand he brought fresh elements of discomfort into the atmosphere—allusions to his sons' idleness, to the needs of the West boys, and fresh schemes for pushing their fortunes through Mr. Kirkman, which made Alma wince and blush. Nearly as bad were his floods of professional talk, into which Wynyard was guilty of plunging, with a relish that suggested the amount of *ennui* inflicted on him by Lady Rivers's previous efforts to keep the conversation during meals at the level she considered due to the coronet on the plate and the footmen's liveries. "Encouraging your father in his very worst faults," Lady Rivers moaned, when she and her daughter were alone, "even to the enormity of bringing dusty law books into the drawing-room and looking out quotations with your father for his dreadful book, under my very eyes, while the butler was handing round the tea. The sort of thing I have been fighting against all my life. When I first thought of having an earl for my son-in-law, I little expected he'd take that side, and weaken my hands with your father to this extent. There might have been a want of refinement at Golden Mount, but it would not have been of a kind so fatal to all domestic discipline, the menservants' feelings were considered there at least. I wonder you can bear it, Alma!"

Yet in spite of these and some other drawbacks, there were portions of that week to which Alma always looked back with tender yearning; golden half-hours during which the peace, and joy, and sunshine of love entered her heart with half promises of always staying there. Evening and morning and mid-day strolls with Wynyard on the terrace; slow rides in quiet lanes between the autumnal hedges; exhilarating canters across the stubble of the lately-cleared harvest fields; times when the present was full enough to crowd out all remembrance of the past and fears of the future; when by the help of some country sight or sound she found herself lifted over recent memories and landed in recollections of earlier days which, without any remorse, she could share with Wynyard. True, a very little thing, a chance word, a sudden question, a name cropping up in the conversation might put an end to all this satisfaction in a minute, and suddenly reopen to Alma's perception the dividing gulf between herself and her lover.

When Alma was next alone after such a happy hour with such an abrupt awakening, she usually comforted herself by making resolutions of perfect frankness towards her husband at some future time. Some day, in this very place, (and before the visit was over, Alma had in thought made half-a-dozen lovely spots out of doors and cosy nooks in the house the scene of the confidence)—some day—when use had given an added sweetness to all the details of life, when they were returning from a walk on some spring evening next year, or after a conversation, perhaps, over an old favorite book by their winter fireside, when some unusual emotion of tenderness had been called out—she would take courage and tell him the whole story. She would begin, "You know me now, and you know how I love you, you cannot doubt the love of your own wife, — well, now I will tell you the truth about myself, how I felt and what I did a year ago; and because you are my husband, and better and stronger than I am, you must help me to bear the flaws in my conscience that make me feel unworthy of you. I am not unworlily as you are, it was not altogether disinterested love that made me marry you. I do care very much to see you here, and perhaps even love you better in a position that I think becomes you, than I could ever have done if you had remained in obscurity. It is not high-minded to feel like this; but it belongs to me, and as we are one now, you have got to bear with it." Then she thought she would begin and tell him straight out the history of Madelon's wedding-day, and how she had hidden the letter in the drawer of cut corks in the little south room at La Roquette. It would be a great blow to him. She pictured to herself the changes on his face while he listened. At first he would hardly believe she had done it; would put a question or two eagerly, half hoping to find some excuse, some explanation that she had forgotten to give; but when it was all over he would not turn away from her, he would take it as a misfortune that concerned them both. He would comfort her, and perhaps even admire her for the courage that had led her to reveal the truth at last.

Alma imagined that after such confession her conscience would be healed, and she would feel at liberty to take his love as really belonging to her in a way she could not do now. This was the plan she made in her happiest moments, but she could not always see it possible, even

when she and Wynyard most nearly resumed the old footing of dear and unclouded intimacy. There were occasions when a word or look of his would awaken quite an opposite mood, and she found herself near to registering a vow never to let him have the least hint of a deed that would sink her to a depth of contempt she had not imagined to be in him. Sometimes a terror seized her, whether it was that *one* deception only which had erected the barrier she found it so hard to pass. Had she been sinking lower, growing smaller, more sordid in her views and aims, while he had been rising higher? Had his life, as Agatha's had, grown so far apart from hers, that "they could not hear each other speak," in however close companionship their days and years were passed?

The hopeful mood was uppermost in Alma's mind on the morning of her departure from Leigh. She and Wynyard had had an early ride, when the fresh touch of autumn in the air, and the dewy beauty of the woods and fields had exhilarated them to a pitch of almost boyish and girlish joyousness. After breakfast, while Wynyard took leave of Mrs. Anstice, she and her father made a final tour of the gardens together, and Alma thoroughly enjoyed his sensible appreciation of the beauty and grandeur she displayed to him with a sense of proprietorship stealing into her heart. There was nothing in her father's way of speaking to offend her taste. His was the kind of satisfaction that her judgment approved as a fitting homage to the good things of the world. She felt almost restored to self-complacency as she listened, and a word or two dropped by Sir Francis about Wynyard's worth and his probable weight in the country in the coming years, made her heart beat quickly, and her cheeks glow while she whispered to herself that at last she was happy, — as happy as she had ever expected to be. Wynyard met them on the terrace, and Sir Francis left the lovers alone to take a last look at the sunny gardens, and exchange happy auguries for the future.

"It will not be exactly this picture that we shall see when we come back," said Alma, as they turned away from the sparkling fountains and the blaze of autumn flowers, and began to walk towards the house. "The richness and the glory will have mellowed, and the year entered upon another stage before we stand here together again."

"That may be sooner than we have

been expecting, dear," answered Wynyard, "for I have just promised Mrs. Anstice that nothing shall prevent my seeing her once more. I could not refuse her the comfort of such an assurance, could I, Alma? And you will not grudge the sacrifice, if we have to make it, of shortening the time of our absence, for her sake. I have said that we will hold ourselves in readiness. Katharine Moore has undertaken to write if any change for the worse should take place whilst we are away."

This was the one jarring note to Alma in the perfect harmony of that happy morning.

She had consented reluctantly that Wynyard should consider himself bound to Mrs. Anstice's service for the few months longer she was likely to live; but it vexed her to be reminded, just in this hour, that he had a duty unconnected with herself, to which their plans must give way. The vexation she felt upon this account recalled another disturbing thought to her mind.

"Katharine Moore," she repeated, thoughtfully, "you seem to take it for granted that she will go on coming about the place. Has Mrs. Anstice engaged her as companion or nurse? Is there any reason of that kind for all the trouble Miss Moore takes for Mrs. Anstice?"

"I should think not; Miss Moore has had some money left her lately by an uncle who died in Australia. So, at least, she told me when I ventured to remonstrate on her allowing Mrs. Anstice to take up so much of her time."

"I wonder she does. It must be very melancholy work. I wonder she spends so much time with Mrs. Anstice, who is no relation to her, if she is not obliged."

"Do you?" Wynyard answered.

They had reached the carriage by this time, and the conversation dropped.

Alma did not notice how silent Wynyard was during the first hour of the journey, or suspect in the least that she had spoiled his happy recollections of that sunny morning as effectually as he had spoiled hers. Lady Rivers made conversation enough, however, to cover other people's deficiencies. A thousand little details of the wedding-day had to be discussed, and now was the time, she observed, to talk them over. Wynyard, on plea of the recent death in his family, and Mrs. Anstice's precarious state of health, had begged hard for a quiet wedding. It was to be very quiet, Lady Rivers ex-

plained to him now, only not quite a hole and corner wedding.

"It will never do, you know," she urged, "to give people the opportunity of saying that we were ashamed of ourselves, and had the wedding in a corner on that account."

Here, once more, for the very last time, she hoped, Alma had to give her mother a warning look, to prevent her letting drop a further explanatory word respecting the reason for which the Kirkmans might suppose them to be ashamed, for the thought of her old friend Mrs. Kirkman's wrath was too constantly present to Lady Rivers's mind, not to ooze out more or less in her talk when she got excited.

Dread of Mrs. Kirkman's anger was by no means Alma's worst skeleton, but the dimensions it assumed in her mother's imagination, had a certain effect on hers; and at the end of the day, when they were nearing London, she felt a foreboding creep over her, with the familiar thick atmosphere. She half expected Horace Kirkman's face to appear at the carriage window when the train stopped, or to catch a glimpse of the gorgeous Kirkman livery among the carriages that were waiting outside the station. The long train was crowded with less pretentious persons, however, chiefly family parties returning from seaside trips, and some delay occurred in getting the luggage together, and finding the carriage.

Sir Francis went outside to look for it, and while Wynyard searched about for a resting-place for Lady Rivers, Alma stood alone and watched the crowd. Did those women, who were struggling for their boxes in the throng by the barrier, or frantically hailing cabs, and collecting trains of children, think her an enviable specimen of womankind, she wondered, for being able to stand quietly aside, and let things take their course? Could she imagine herself acting such a bustling part in life? Yet were there not, a long way back in her memory, pictures of some such comings home from holiday excursions, when the boys were still quite small, and the army of nursemaids by no means equal to the occasion? Was there not some story about Frank having been lost on a return journey from the seaside, left behind at a London terminus, and brought home by a gentleman who had been greatly taken with his handsome face and intelligent way of accounting for himself. It was a story her father had once, in the days when Frank was still a

favorite, been fond of telling, till Lady Rivers began to think it reflected on their grandeur, and put her veto upon its ever being mentioned again.

Alma wondered afterwards what made her think of Frank just then, why a vision of him—a slender, bright-faced school-boy as he looked at the time when papa could still flatter himself about his good disposition, and be eager about his removes and prizes—should be the last that occupied her mind before she caught sight of her father coming back on the station platform. One glance at his face chased all thought away, and her heart stood still with fright, so clearly was disaster written upon it. She hurried towards him, for he scarcely seemed able to stand, and his first movement was to grasp her by the shoulder, and lean heavily upon her. His face was white and drawn, and his body bowed, as if under the effect of a deadly blow.

"Oh, papa! what is it?" she cried, when a second or two had passed, while his twitching lips could not form a word. "Tell me, that I may tell mamma."

Then he rallied, and stood upright.

"Yes, yes, your mother—I cannot see her at this moment, you must get her home first. I will follow and tell her when she is a little prepared; but get her home now."

"What is it?"

"A telegram from India put into my hands this moment."

"Is it Melville or Frank?" Alma whispered.

The answer was a deep groan, and a quick shake of the head. Then, in a far-off tone, which somehow seemed to come from over the sea, instead of through her father's pale lips, she heard,—

"He is dead! my boy, my poor boy!"

No need again to ask which. Frank, poor Frank, of whom her father had once been so proud, who had disappointed him most cruelly, and always been loved the best, by both father and mother.

"You must take your mother home," Sir Francis repeated; "there's the telegram, but don't show it until you have her safe in the house. I could not drive with you; no, my dear, I could not sit it out. Forgive me for throwing the burden on you, but I will walk with Wynyard, and be at home almost as soon as you are. Ah! Wynyard was the best friend he ever had, and he wanted me not to send him to India. If I had put him into some humbler way of life—if your mother had not urged me so hard—and now, how

am I to tell her the miserable end he has brought upon himself!"

The drive home with Lady Rivers, a little anxious, but still more offended at her husband's sudden desertion, was got through somehow, as the worst moments of life are lived through, we never afterwards quite know how.

Alma knelt by her mother's chair in the drawing-room, already a little put out of its usual appearance by incipient preparations for the wedding, and tried, through leading remarks and questions, to prepare her for the shock that must be given sooner or later. It seemed a long, long time before her father's knock came, and yet she had not got the news told when she heard it. Her mother's thoughts would turn to such thoroughly opposite calamities from the one that awaited her, — fears that Alma's sick heart loathed to speak about, and yet which she was obliged to discuss and dismiss — that something had occurred between Constance and her husband, a quarrel, a separation; a scandal about young Lawrence; that the late Lord Anstice had suddenly come to life, and reduced Wynyard to a nobody again; that the Kirkmans had said or done something to prevent the wedding. Sir Francis's face as he entered the room did more than anything else to bring the right thought to poor Lady Rivers's mind, the right word to her lips.

"Frank!" Yes, nothing but that would make Sir Francis look so. The name of the firstborn, beloved, and yet a little dreaded, (had it not been uttered in blame chiefly during the last year or two?) burst simultaneously from the lips of the bereaved parents as they faced one another. After a few minutes Alma thought it best to steal away, leaving the two who had loved each other dearly once, though worldliness and prosperity had thrust their hearts asunder, to draw together, in the shadow of the first death that had invaded their family.

But terrible as was that night of new sorrow, sad as were the following days, when one short inscrutable sentence summed up the whole cause of their grief, there was worse to come. "Killed in a duel," on such a date, the telegram stated, and the intelligence seemed bad enough, as if nothing could make it worse. Yet there was worse to be heard, and it fell the more heavily on Sir Francis, because during the fortnight that elapsed between getting the telegram and the arrival of letters, the gentle process of beautifying

the dead had had time to go far enough to make a rude facing of hard facts additionally bitter. To have restored one's dead to a pedestal in the heart, and dressed him up in lost graces and innocences of youth, and then to have a tale of his dishonor thrust upon one, of base intrigue, ending in what might well be called a deserved punishment at the hand of the friend he had betrayed — what could be more heartrending? A good deal was kept from Alma and Lady Rivers as unfit for their ears; but they could not escape gathering a general impression of disgrace and misery from the extreme depression into which Sir Francis fell after additional news came. It was vacation-time, and there was no work going on in the courts, or he would probably have roused himself to attend to it, and borne the blow better. To see him so absorbed by grief as to lose interest in all his usual objects, was something quite new to his family, who did not know how to meet such a crisis. It was well for them all that Wynyard was at hand, willing to let himself be made the recipient of the miserable father's complaints, and with a liking for his friend of early days which made him a sympathizing listener. Alma left the task of comforting her father mainly to him, and did not take advantage of times when they might have been together to let him comfort her, as he longed to be able to do. She was somewhat perversely wretched at this juncture, and nursed a sense of loneliness to which the present state of the household tempted her. With her father and mother the great calamity swallowed up all thought of her personal disappointment, and she found herself wondering sometimes whether the postponement of their wedding was anything like as great a vexation to Wynyard as it was to herself. He could talk easily of a few weeks' delay, but to her a feverish restlessness came with the uncertainty. She was too proud to show that she suffered more than he, when the day that was to have been their crowning day passed by unnoticed: the hours that should have been so joyous slipping by in gloomy solitude. Her mother never talked about the wedding now, and seldom of the Kirkmans. There was no longer any need to fear indiscretion from her. Wynyard had almost ceased to be a future son-in-law, or even an earl, in her estimation. He was just Frank's friend, the one person who had ever done any good with poor Frank, and she would monopolize him



when he was not with Sir Francis in a way that was very trying to Alma, so completely did it seem to put her and her claims aside as non-existent.

Alma did not show to advantage in her mother's sick-room, and she felt that she did not. It was not altogether her fault, for Lady Rivers had never made her a companion for anything but society purposes: the idea of taking this brilliant daughter into real service as a nurse or comforter, would have been almost as unnatural to her as the thought of putting on her court pearls to go to bed in. Even a common sorrow could not draw them together at once, or annul in Alma's heart the antagonism which dated from early years, when the falseness and pretension of which Lady Rivers's life was so largely made up first dawned upon her, and which had colored her whole manner of being towards her mother.

It did not help her that Lady Rivers was always longing after Emmie West, and would entertain Wynyard with histories of Emmie's pleasantness and sweetness of temper, and agreeable methods of making the hours pass at La Roquette. It seemed, Alma thought, almost a mania with her mother to talk about La Roquette to Wynyard whenever she ceased to speak of Frank, and she found herself taking a miserable, sickly interest, and criticising the few remarks that he made in reply to these praises. They never quite satisfied her. She always thought he said a word too much, or a word too little when he had to speak about Emmie's perfections, and daily the sense of loneliness grew, hardening like a crust over her heart, and stiffening her manner till she hardly knew herself.

The days crept on, and October arrived before the elders of the family could be roused to make any plans, or consent to a change of abode; but at length the reappearance of some symptoms in Lady Rivers of the illness from which she had suffered last winter, gave the necessary impetus to decision.

It was rather hastily determined that Sir Francis should take his family to San Remo, while there was still time for him to settle them there before his duties called him back to London. Wynyard was to join Lady Rivers and Alma a little later on; and there would be no reason why the deferred wedding should not take place at San Remo about the end of the year, when Sir Francis would again be able to come out to them.

Wynyard urged this, trying to put

things in the very best light when the last days before his parting with Alma came, and he insisted on having more of her company than she had afforded him hitherto. She listened to his plans, and tried to be hopeful — tried hard to soften out of the cold anger against herself and her circumstances that held her like a possession. Sometimes she succeeded, telling herself that all might yet be well in a few weeks; and sometimes, while Wynyard talked of the pleasant southern air, and the sunshine that would gladden their next meeting, a deadlier heart-sickness than she had yet known assailed her — a vivid recollection of the sights, and sounds, and scents of Madelon's wedding-morning rose with Wynyard's words, and she whispered to herself that by no possibility could a day in that likeness bring her happiness. Oh, no! she had poisoned all such days for herself forever, and could not, try as she would, see herself a triumphant bride in circumstances that would bring her fault so livingly before her.

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From The Cornhill Magazine.  
BISHOP ATTERBURY.

FRANCIS ATTERBURY's high reputation in his own age was recognized by the most distinguished of his contemporaries. According to Addison he was one of the greatest geniuses of his time; Pope, who was proud to call the bishop friend, terms him one of the greatest men in all polite learning this nation ever had; Steele praised his sermons; and Doddridge — an excellent judge — called him the glory of English orators and a model for courtly preachers. His wit was universally acknowledged, Christ Church men even esteemed him for his learning, and his splendid defence at his trial before the House of Lords made a strong impression alike on friends and foes. The high estimate of men who came under Atterbury's personal influence has been tempered by the lapse of time. He is indeed styled by a modern Church historian, "one of the greatest masters of style, wit, and invective the English Church has produced," and by Lord Stanhope as "a great and surpassing genius;" but this estimate is, we think, considerably overcharged. It may be true to the judgment formed by his contemporaries, but the less partial judgment of posterity will not justify such a eulogium. Atterbury was conspicuous

as an ecclesiastic, as a politician, and as a man of letters; but in no department of intellectual activity does he stand in the foremost rank. What he did and what he gained was due to brilliant talent and indomitable energy. He had strong ambition, dauntless courage, and an imperious will, and a man with such qualities was not likely to be a laggard in the battle of life.

The volume of the "Stuart Papers," printed from the originals in her Majesty's possession about thirty years ago, threw so much new light upon the bishop's character, and on his career in exile, as to make the judgments previously passed upon him comparatively worthless. We smile as we read in the preface to Atterbury's "Private Correspondence," printed in 1768, that such a man could never have sacrificed his learned leisure to a turbulent faction, that he never would have justified what he deemed an unjust sentence by acting in the service of the Pretender, and that "least of all would he have done this with the view of promoting the interests of one whom by many voluntary and solemn oaths he had so often abjured." We now know what Bishop Hoadly, his antagonist, asserted all along, that Atterbury was plotting for the Pretender before he was sent into exile; and we know, too, that from the hour that he left England he was the most energetic assertor of the Jacobite cause. A biography of Atterbury worthy of the subject has yet to be written. The materials brought together by modern research are capable of being turned to good account by a competent biographer, who would have the advantage of digging in what is comparatively virgin soil. About ten years ago Mr. Folkestone Williams attempted to perform the task and conspicuously failed.\* The author may be credited with a considerable amount of energy and reading, but the result of his labors is eminently unsatisfactory. The book is a jumble of ill-digested materials. It abounds in contradictions and repetitions, irrelevant remarks and ignorant assertions. The arrangement is confused, and the criticism passed upon Atterbury and his illustrious contemporaries, when just, is commonplace, when independent, frequently ridiculous. It would be untrue, however, to say that Mr. Williams's

work is useless; for if the opinions expressed are worthless, the facts will be sometimes found of service.

The story of Francis Atterbury's life, as far as we are able to read it, is by no means without interest. With regard to certain portions of it little information is to be obtained, but there are passages in the narrative which will attract the historical and literary student, and there is one at least so exquisitely pathetic that when perused at length in the "Correspondence" it is likely to hold the reader spell-bound. He was born in 1662, and educated at Westminster under the famous Dr. Busby, who for fifty-five years wielded a power as head-master which was by no means wholly intellectual. Readers of the "Spectator" will remember that when Sir Roger de Coverley stood before Busby's tomb, he exclaimed, "Dr. Busby, a great man, whipped my grandfather—a very great man! I should have gone to him myself if I had not been a blockhead. A very great man." Matthew Prior was one of Atterbury's schoolmates, and so, if we are to credit Mr. Williams, was Nicholas Rowe, but as Atterbury, who was eleven years Rowe's senior, left Westminster for Christ Church in 1680, and Rowe was not elected as a king's scholar until 1688, it is difficult to accept the statement that they worked together. At Oxford, Atterbury made himself conspicuous. When he had been up two years he published a Latin version of "Absalom and Achitophel," but won greater praise by his defence of Luther, an opportune topic, since at that time James was endeavoring to force upon the country an alien and detested creed. At a later period of his Oxford life he engaged in an enterprise which displayed more audacity than wisdom. Atterbury undertook the tutorship of the Hon. C. Boyle, a young man whose lively parts enabled him to discover that there was "a great deal of very good sense" in John Locke, and whose unwise ambition tempted him to enter the lists with Bentley in a matter of scholarship. For this rash venture, which Lord Macaulay has exposed with his accustomed brilliancy and incisiveness, Atterbury must be held in chief measure responsible. It was he who under his pupil's name took the principal part in replying to Bentley's "Dissertations on the Epistles of Phalaris." The arch-critic of Cambridge had treated Christ Church men with contempt, and Atterbury, with some slight help from others, undertook to defend his college.

\* *Memoirs and Correspondence of Francis Atterbury, D.D., Bishop of Rochester, with Notices of his Distinguished Contemporaries.* Compiled chiefly from the Atterbury and Stuart Papers. By Folkestone Williams. 2 vols. Allen and Co.

In doing this he managed to make a learned discussion lively and entertaining. In learning he was comparatively a pigmy and Bentley a giant, but Atterbury was a master of style, he had wit and rhetoric at his command, and "a mind inexhaustibly rich in all the resources of controversy." After a time Bentley, as might have been expected, demolished his assailant, but Atterbury's immediate success was extraordinary, and his book, according to Bentley's biographer, enjoyed an extravagant popularity. And this success is not, perhaps, surprising. The book professes to be a learned dissertation, and the subject to be discussed was one for colorless argument, but Boyle's examination of Bentley's "Dissertation" is replete with sarcasm and wit, and with the personalities which wicked human nature finds so attractive. The writers could not confute Bentley, but they could revile and sneer at him, and they did this in such a way as to excite the mirth of their readers. Moreover, Christ Church was put upon its defence, and Christ Church men were likely warmly to welcome a volume which defended them with such spirit. Bentley himself states that the book was at first regarded as unanswerable, even among his own friends. "Nobody," says Bishop Monk, "suspected that he would venture to reply, still less that he could ever again hold up his head in the republic of letters; the blow was thought to be fatal." One of the most brilliant portions of the volume is said to have been written by Smalridge, but Atterbury's share in the work consisted, as he himself states to Boyle, "in writing more than half the book, in reviewing a great part of the rest, and in transcribing the whole." Bentley, had he been a smaller man, would have been crushed by the wits, for Swift also took the field against him; Sir William Temple, who was popularly regarded as the finest writer of the age,\* called him a "dull, unmannerly pedant;" and Garth, a small poet, but a respectable physician, followed in the same strain of depreciation, and said that as diamonds take a lustre from their foil, so "to a Bentley 'tis

we owe a Boyle." It is pleasant to know that this controversy between two distinguished men did not result in permanent estrangement. Atterbury must have seen that he was worsted in the encounter; but in after years, when Atterbury was dean of Christ Church, and the Cambridge scholar master of Trinity, we find the former thanking Bentley for "that noble present of your new edition of Horace which you were pleased to make me," and adding, after a perusal of the whole work, that he regards it as "every way equal to the expectation raised of it." The young man in whose name Atterbury published this famous reply to Bentley, seems to have been dissatisfied, and well he might be, for his position as the nominal author of the book was far from enviable. Atterbury complains to Boyle that his labor has not been duly appreciated. After reminding him that the work had cost him the toil of six months, he adds: "What I promised myself from hence was that some service would be done to your reputation, and that you would think so. In the first of these I was not mistaken, in the latter I am. . . . Since you came to England no one expression that I know of, has dropped from you that could give me reason to believe you had any opinion of what I had done, or even took it kindly from me." It may be doubted whether the relations of Atterbury and Boyle as tutor and pupil had ever been satisfactory. Atterbury was restless and fretful at Oxford: his ambition needed a wider sphere. To his father, the rector of Milton, in Buckinghamshire, he writes: "I was made, I am sure, for another scene and another sort of conversation, though it has been my bad luck to be pinned down to this. . . . The only benefit I ever proposed to myself by the place is studying, and that I am not able to compass. Mr. Boyle takes up half my time; and I grudge it him not, for he is a fine gentleman. . . . College and university business takes up a great deal more, and I am forced to be useful to the dean in a thousand particulars, so that I have very little time." The rector in reply reprimands his son for his unchristian spirit, and after advising him in a pious strain to serve God contentedly in his station until he is called to something better, descends from these heights to a worldly piece of counsel. "For matching," writes this devout clergyman, "there is no way for preferment like marrying into some family of interest, either bishop's or archbishop's, or some courtier's, which may be done with accomplish-

\* Sir William Temple was indeed the originator of the controversy, for if he had not eulogized the "Epistles of Phalaris" in his essay upon "Ancient and Modern Learning," the dean of Christ Church would not have asked Boyle to edit the "Epistles," and the feud between the Christ Church editor and Bentley would have had no existence. Readers who feel any curiosity with regard to this once famous "war between Bentley and Boyle," are referred to Monk's "Life of Bentley," and to the first volume of Bentley's "Works," edited by the Rev. Alexander Dyce.

ments and a portion too; but I may write what I will, you consider little and disquiet yourself much." The son did eventually profit by his father's advice by marrying "a portion," for the lady of his choice had 7,000*l.*, but in other respects the match was not likely to gratify the rector of Milton, for Katherine Osborn, who is said to have been a great beauty, was illegitimate.

Having taken holy orders and forsaken Oxford for London, Atterbury rose rapidly to fame as a court preacher. He obtained the lectureship of St. Bride's; he was chosen preacher at Bridewell Hospital; he was appointed chaplain in ordinary to King William; he had the honor of being challenged for his opinions by that famous theological pugilist, Dr. Hoadly. Atterbury was now in his element. He was a man of war from his youth, and loved the sound of the trumpet and the din of arms. It was in the field of controversy he was destined to rise to fame; and though, no doubt, Pope did his friend justice when he wrote sympathetically of his "softer hour," it was not often or for long that this fiery churchman cared to lie down in green pastures, or to wander by still waters. In 1700 he published a book entitled "The Rights, Powers, and Privileges of an English Convocation Stated and Vindicated," which was warmly applauded by High Churchmen. Convocation had been suspended for some years, when Sir Bartholomew Shower's "Letters to a Convocation Man" formed the prelude to a vehement and protracted controversy. Shower asserted that it was the undoubted right of Convocation to confer, debate, and resolve without the king's license, a statement highly acceptable to the Jacobite clergy. Dr. Wake, a well-known clergyman of the opposite school of thought, replied to Shower; another Convocation man entered into the controversy, and to him Wake replied also; and now Atterbury, who aspired to be the leader of the High Church party, undertook to answer Wake, and, in the judgment of Warburton, answered him successfully. He argued that there was the same inherent right in the clergy to meet in Convocation as in the laity to meet in Parliament. His argument was opposed by Burnet, Kennet, and others. Wake also supplemented their attacks in a folio volume. The weighty discussion was not wholly fruitless; the king allowed Convocation to assemble, which it did with some spirit, for the Lower House quarrelled with the

Upper, and charged Bishop Burnet with heresy. The quarrels between the two Houses in those days continued for a long period, and must have been far from edifying to loyal churchmen. According to Burnet, a great heat was spread through the whole clergy from the fire thus raised in Convocation, and no doubt Atterbury added oil to the flames, like the man who stood behind the furnace in Bunyan's allegory.

Meanwhile, ample clerical honors fell to the share of Atterbury. In 1701 he was appointed archdeacon of Totness, and afterwards prebend of Exeter; in the same year the Lower House of Convocation thanked him "for his learned pains in asserting and vindicating their rights," and by the special request of that body Oxford conferred on him the title of D.D. He became the favorite chaplain of Queen Anne; and when Prince George died, showed his surpassing eloquence by representing "his unassuming virtues in such high relief that his widow could not help feeling her irreparable loss."

During the queen's reign, Atterbury's career was one of unbroken prosperity. From the deanery of Carlisle he passed to that of Christ Church, and when in 1713 he succeeded Sprat as Dean of Westminster and Bishop of Rochester, it was thought that this preferment would lead eventually to the primacy. These were years of hope and ambition, of active work and high social intercourse. It may be well therefore to linger a little over this brilliant period of a troubled life, and to note from various sources such incidents as may throw light upon his character, or on the character of his friends. When Dean of Carlisle he lived, for a portion of the year at least, in Church Lane, Chelsea; and Swift, who had lodgings opposite, refers more than once in his "Journal to Stella" to his "neighbor over the way." Already we learn that Atterbury was troubled with gout, but it does not seem to have hindered social enjoyments; and we read of invitations to dinner from the dean, and of dinner parties elsewhere. Thus Swift writes, at a time when he had taken up his quarters in London: "I walked to Chelsea, and was there by nine this morning, and the Dean of Carlisle and I crossed the water to Battersea, and went in his chariot to Greenwich, where we dined at Dr. Gastrell's, and passed the afternoon at Lewisham, at the Dean of Canterbury's. . . . It is the first little rambling journey I have had this summer about London; and they are the agreea-

blest pastimes one can have in a friend's coach and good company." Atterbury no doubt found Swift "mighty good company," and no doubt Swift lived a life of great enjoyment with Atterbury, Prior, the head master of Westminster, and, to quote the curious expression of the bishop's biographer, other "equally convivial minds." One of Atterbury's early friends and patrons was Trelawney, Bishop of Exeter; and the letters he addressed to that bishop are very numerous, but far from entertaining. It is evident that Atterbury was not above retailing scandal to his dignified friend; and in one of his letter there is a story told of Burnet, the famous Whig bishop of Salisbury, which is altogether incredible. Trelawney, by the way had a grudge against Burnet for causing it to be spread abroad that he was drunk at Salisbury one 30th of January, whereas, he writes, "a very honest clergyman and the people of the inn — which was a coffee-house too — can swear I drank nothing but two dishes of coffee." Atterbury advises the bishop to read the "Tale of a Tub," which, "in spite of its profaneness," is a book to be valued, being an "original in its kind, full of wit, humor, good sense, and learning;" and he gives it as the opinion at Oxford that the "Tale" was written by Smith and Philips, the first a scholar, the second a commoner, of Christ Church. In another letter he returns to the same subject, seems to suspect that it was written by Swift, whom as yet he did not know personally, and observes, "Nothing can please more than that book doth here at London." Atterbury was supposed to have a fine taste for literature. His admiration of Milton is said to have been profound, and yet we find him asking Pope to "review and polish" "Samson Agonistes;" he is said also to have been a good critic of poetry, and yet we find him telling his "Twitnam friend" that all verses should point to some useful truth, and have instruction at the bottom of them. "Your poetry," he wrote to Pope, "is all over morality from the beginning to the end of it." He saw that Pope's strength lay in satire, and had more than once urged him not to leave his talent unemployed; but when, many years after this advice was given, the "Dunciad" appeared, he considered that the poet had engaged "in a very improper and troublesome scuffle, not worthy of his pen at all." "Remember," he writes on one occasion, "Virgil died at fifty-two, and Horace at fifty-eight, and, as bad as both

their constitutions were, yours is yet more delicate and tender. Employ not your precious moments and great talents on little men and little things, but choose a subject every way worthy of you; and handle it, as you can, in a manner which nobody else can equal or imitate." In Pope's day almost all men of ability wrote what at that time was called poetry. Atterbury therefore tried his hand at verses, and won absurdly extravagant praise from friendly critics. His translations of two favorite odes of Horace (Ode ix. book iii. and Ode iii. book iv.) are indeed highly creditable productions. The charm of Horace's lyrics can never be fully transferred to a foreign idiom — is there any lyric poetry that will bear translation? — but Atterbury's version of these odes reads like a happy inspiration. His skill as a maker of original verses may be estimated from the following song:—

Fair Sylvia, cease to blame my youth  
For having loved before;  
So men, till they have learned the truth,  
Strange deities adore.

My heart, 'tis true, has often ranged  
Like bees on gaudy flowers,  
And many a thousand loves has changed  
Till it was fixed on yours.

But, Sylvia, when I saw those eyes,  
'Twas soon determined there;  
Stars might as well forsake the skies,  
And vanish into air.

When I from this great rule do err,  
New beauties to adore,  
May I again turn wanderer,  
And never settle more.

The friendship between Atterbury and Pope did honor to both men. The bishop, there is reason to believe, frequently found his way to Twickenham, and Pope would "lie at the Deanery" when he came to London. Thither he went on the evening before the funeral of the Duke of Marlborough, to "moralize on the vanity of human glory;" and it is probable he was also present in the Abbey three years before, when Atterbury read the last service over Addison, "with unusual energy and solemnity." Atterbury had opinions of his own on matters poetical, and did not hesitate to express them. He preferred blank verse to rhyme, believed that in his heart Pope preferred it also, and discussed the subject with the poet again and again. "Forgive me this error," he writes, "if it be one, an error of above thirty years' standing, and which therefore I shall be very loth to part with."



As a Protestant bishop, Atterbury seems to have attempted the conversion of the poet; but in reply to his solicitations Pope wrote that he had "warmed his head" with the controversy between the Churches when quite a boy, and found himself a Papist and a Protestant by turns, according to the last book he read; and he observes, in the latitudinarian tone of a man who has no deeply rooted convictions, that he believes there is no real difference between the bishop and himself, that he hopes all Churches are so far of God as they are rightly understood, and adds more pertinently that he detests the arrogated authority over princes and States usurped by the Papacy, and that therefore he is not a Papist, but, in the strictest sense of the word, a Catholic.

A common friend of the bishop and the poet was the Duchess of Buckingham, Princess Buckingham as Walpole calls her, an illegitimate daughter of James II. The lady was proud of her parentage, and is said to have wept over her father's grave at St. Germain's. She showed her pride also in another way, and in her last illness made her ladies vow that if she became senseless they would not sit down in the room before she was dead. She wrote an elaborate description of her own character and person, which Pope corrected, and she is said to have quarrelled with the poet while accepting his corrections, and exhibiting her character to her friends as his composition. Whatever might have been her faults, the duchess proved a generous friend to Atterbury, and in the time of his poverty presented him with a thousand pounds. When the bishop was in exile she showed in many feminine ways her friendship for his daughter, Mrs. Morice.

Atterbury is said to have been one of those turbulent and overbearing men whose rash policy frightens their friends. His boldness no doubt approached sometimes to temerity, and cautious men at a highly critical period would naturally avoid a friendship that might prove dangerous; but his sincerity as a friend cannot be called in question, and from this point of view his character contains much that is estimable and attractive.\* Of his

personal peculiarities little is recorded. The fine portrait by Kneller in the hall of Christ Church shows that he was singularly handsome; we know both from Pope and Gray that "mitred Atterbury would nod the head," a gesture which he used when he was pleased; and while his manners are said to have been courteous, we have many indications that his temper was far from equable. He acknowledges that he was accused of wanting temper and discretion, and there were good grounds for the accusation. But we have no means of gaining such an acquaintance with Atterbury as we can gain with some of his friends or acquaintances—with Addison and Steele for example, with Pope and Swift. His books or letters tell us little of the man; the letters of his friends, while testifying high admiration and even affection, tell us even less; but occasionally we discover a depth and tenderness of feeling which is all the more winning because unlooked for. The Christian virtues of meekness and gentleness were unknown to this Christian bishop. His gifts were of another order, but they were such as would have probably made him the most conspicuous ecclesiastic of his century had Queen Anne, instead of dying at forty-nine, lived to a good old age.

Atterbury was fifty-two years old when Anne died, and from that moment dates the downfall of his fortunes. His "implacable disaffection" to the house of Hanover was well known, and he offered to proclaim James III. in his episcopal dress at Charing Cross if Bolingbroke would sustain him in so doing. But Bolingbroke loved his head too well to risk it in so perilous an enterprise, and Atterbury is said to have deplored in very unclerical language the pusillanimity of that statesman. The bishop was therefore forced, though much against his will, to take the oaths to the house of Hanover, and to act his part in the coronation of that distinguished potentate King George I. Bolingbroke, it is scarcely necessary to say, went into exile, but Atterbury, though no doubt sharply watched by the spies of the government, was left in possession of his see, and became leader of the opposition in the House of Lords. That Atterbury was deeply implicated in the plots to restore the Stuart dynasty there can be no doubt, and the prospect of such a restoration was not wholly chimerical. The Pretender was partly a fool and wholly a Papist; had he been a Protestant and a man of ability, it is probable

\* Atterbury, indeed, could not only boast warm friends but passionate admirers, and of one of these, Dr. Wall, it is said that had the bishop been recalled from exile he would have lighted up Whittlebury forest at his own expense. This Dr. Wall, by the way, was a humorist, whose admiration is of doubtful value; for, according to one of his parishioners, he never preached on any subject for forty years "but Noah's Ark, except when he used to open against the Baptists."

he would have regained the throne of his ancestors. Personally no Englishman cared for George I.; loyalty to him was loyalty to a principle; and if religion and liberty had been as secure under James as under George, there were many reasons for preferring the claims of the Pretender. But James could not be trusted; and the dangers arising from the accession of a new dynasty, although far from trivial, were not to be weighed against the risk of acknowledging a Stuart cursed with all the faults of his race and with many unkingly faults of his own to boot. Atterbury, however, although he never wavered in his Protestantism, ventured to incur the risk. He believed in hereditary right, and he accepted the assurances of James that the fears of his Protestant subjects were unfounded. For years the bishop appears to have corresponded under feigned names and by the help of ciphers with the "king over the water;" but the plot which led to his imprisonment in the Tower and ultimate exile was not discovered until 1722, when in the month of August he was arrested for high treason. It has been said that Walpole had attempted to silence the Bishop of Rochester, whose attacks on the government were alike brilliant and effective, by the promise of the reversion of the see of Winchester and 5,000*l.* a year in the mean time, provided he would withdraw his opposition. Considering Sir Robert's passion for bribery, this offer is not impossible. Atterbury, however, was not the man to accept a bribe, and so, according to the bishop's eulogists, it was resolved to ruin him. If Walpole, who was never scrupulous, adopted, as some writers assert, a shameless plot in order to get rid of his foe, there can be no doubt that he had in the bishop an enemy too dangerous to be despised. The part played by Atterbury was strongly suspected but not certainly known in his own day. At his trial he called God to witness his innocence, and when Pope took leave of him in the Tower he told his friend he would allow him to call his sentence a just one if he should ever find that he had dealings with the Pretender in his exile. It was a daring and gratuitous assertion of innocence. The three letters produced at the bishop's trial may have been forgeries,\* but that he had

plotted in the Jacobite cause before leaving England, and that on reaching the Continent he devoted himself to the cause of the Pretender, are no longer matters of controversy.

The few facts relating to the bishop's arrest, captivity, and trial, must be briefly told. That Atterbury was willing that foreign troops should be employed to place James upon the throne is evident from letters written as far back as 1717 and 1718; and in 1721 he seems to have favored the project of the Duke of Ormonde to land with a force of two thousand men from Spain; but at this time and always, the most notable of the conspirators, with the exception of the bishop himself, displayed a vacillation and incapacity which were fatal to the success of so vast an undertaking. There was no bond of cohesion among the followers of the Pretender; there were jealousies, misunderstandings, and foolish bickerings, which must often have driven him to his wits' end. Moreover there was treachery in the camp, and men who seemed to be working heartily for James were sometimes acting as spies for George. Through these spies the bishop's share in the conspiracy was revealed to the government. "It was in one of the long days of August," writes Dean Stanley, "when he had somewhat reluctantly come to London for the funeral of the Duke of Marlborough, that he was sitting in the Deanery in his nightgown at the hour of 'two in the afternoon'—a very unusual hour, one must suppose, for such a dress—when the government officers came to arrest him; and though they behaved with some respect to him they suffered the messengers to treat him in a very rough way, threatening him if he did not make haste to dress himself that they would carry him away undressed as he was."\*

After undergoing a preliminary examination before a committee of the Privy Council, Atterbury was committed to the Tower, where he remained in durance for seven months. His confinement appears to have been strict, for he complains that no prisoner in the Tower of his age, infirmities, and rank, ever underwent such indignities; his daughter, Mrs. Morice, states that for a long period she was not permitted to see him, and his person was rudely searched. Pope writes to Gay:

\* The arguments urged by the Rev. George Perry ("History of the Church of England," vol. iii., p. 574) to prove that these letters were forged at the instance of Sir Robert Walpole are not without force, and it is certain that the proofs of guilt brought forward at the

bishop's trial would not suffice in the present day to prove a man guilty of treason.

\* Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey, p. 458.

"Tell Dr. Arbuthnot that even pigeons and hog's puddings are thought dangerous by our government; for those that have been sent to the Bishop of Rochester are opened and profanely pried into at the Tower. It is the first time that dead pigeons have been suspected of carrying intelligence." In the month of April, 1723, the Bill of Pains and Penalties, which deprived Atterbury of his ecclesiastical dignities and condemned him to perpetual exile, passed its third reading in the House of Commons. On May 6, the bishop was brought to the bar of the House of Lords, and made a defence which affords the highest proof we possess of his consummate ability and oratorical power. In the course of his speech, Atterbury asks how it was possible he could be plotting for the Pretender at the very time he was daily expecting the death of his wife; when he "was carrying on public buildings of various kinds at Westminster and Bromley;" when he was consulting the books of the Abbey from the foundation; and was also engaged in a correspondence on the date of the four Gospels. "Is it probable," he adds, "that I should hold meetings and consultations to form and forward this conspiracy, and yet nobody know where, when, and with whom they were held? that I, who lived always at home, and never when at the Deanery stirred out of one room, where I received all company promiscuously, and denied not myself to any, should have opportunities of concerting such matters; or, if I had, yet that none of my domestics or friends with whom I most familiarly lived should ever observe any appearance of this kind?"

"There was one answer to these questions," writes Dean Stanley, "contained in a vague tradition that behind the wall of that one room, doubtless the library, there was a secret chamber in which these consultations might have been held. But as far back as the memory of the inmates of the Deanery extended the secret chamber had never been explored, and it was only in 1864 that on the removal of a slight partition there was found a long closet behind the fireplace reached by a rude ladder, perfectly dark, and capable of holding eight or ten persons. . . . In this chamber, which may have harbored the conspiracy of Abbot Colchester against Henry IV., it is probable that Fiddes may have been concealed in preparing his life of Wolsey, and Atterbury in plotting against George I." This is

possible, no doubt, but the question arises by what means conspirators could gain admission to this closet, since if the only access was through the common entrance to the library they could scarcely have reached their place of concealment without attracting attention.

Atterbury's assertions of innocence did not satisfy his peers, and the bill against him was carried by a large majority. A bishop convicted of treason and sentenced to perpetual exile was an event to excite the public mind. Prayers had been offered for Atterbury in the churches on the plea that he was suffering from gout, and now, when the time came for him to leave England, many of his friends assembled at the Tower to bid him a last farewell. Among these friends was Pope, to whom Atterbury presented a Bible. On the following day, June 18, the "late bishop," as he was now called, left in a man-of-war for Calais, with his son-in-law and daughter, who had obtained permission to accompany him, and five confidential servants. "The crowd that attended him before his embarkation," writes Walpole to Lord Townshend, "was not more than was expected, but great numbers of boats attended him to the ship's side." No sooner had he reached Brussels, where for some period he fixed his residence, than he engaged with all his energies in the service of the Pretender. The two men never met, but correspondence was now unrestrained, and few real kings ever had a minister more devoted to their service than Atterbury was devoted to the service of James. He was a great sufferer, as we have already said, from gout; he labored too under another painful complaint, and the wayward conduct of his son Osborn caused him frequent trouble, but neither bodily pain nor mental anxiety could lessen his zeal for the cause to which he had devoted his life. "I do and must love my country," he said, "with all its faults and blemishes," an expression which may have suggested the familiar line of Cowper; and, mistaken though we know him to have been, it is impossible to question his sincerity. If Atterbury toiled for an unworthy object, it was assuredly with worthy aims.

The air of Brussels did not suit the bishop's health, but he would probably have remained there had not the representations of the British ministers forced him to exchange that city for Paris. His position was a thankless one. James was ungrateful or neglectful, the bishop jealous of his power, while the men who pro-

fessed to live for "the cause" were full of jealousies and contentions.

We cannot follow Atterbury's steps through his years of old age and exile. To do so it would be necessary to describe the plots of the Pretender, the agitations which filled his little court at Rome, and the discord which prevailed among his counsellors in Paris. There is much, no doubt, in the narrative of conspiracies betrayed and hopes unfulfilled, that is deserving of attention, but this is not the place to tell the story as it deserves to be told, and there are incidents in the bishop's life of exile which, if they do not better merit attention, relate more closely to his personal interests.

Atterbury's son-in-law, Morice, was high bailiff of Westminster. When the bishop was banished he attended to his concerns in England with the utmost assiduity, and while retaining his lucrative office is reported to have made himself one of the most useful of the Jacobite agents. He obtained the royal sign-manual permitting him to correspond with the exile, but letters conveying any significant intelligence were forwarded privately by safe hands. The letters contain a good deal of information characteristic of the age, and the mention incidentally of familiar names adds to the interest with which we read them. In one letter Morice describes the perils and delays of a journey between Paris and Calais, and how, after a delay of some days at the French port, "the governor of the place was so civil as to order the gates to be opened an hour sooner than usual," in order that he might save the tide. In another, he writes that he has sent the bishop "Gulliver's Travels," and adds, "The reputed author, Dean Swift, made very kind inquiries after you through our Twickenham friend, and was pleased to hear he had been mentioned by you in some of your letters." Morice has to send also the ungrateful news that some of the wealthy Jacobites who had contributed to the bishop's support, were induced or compelled by circumstances to withdraw their annuities. The bishop replies with indifference about his pecuniary losses, observing that he has made perhaps nine parts in ten of the journey of life, and shall scarcely want what is requisite to maintain him on the rest of the way before he gets home. He lost, he adds, two thousand a year at once when he was deprived of his ecclesiastical emoluments, and lost it with less concern than a few halfpence at play when he was

a child. A postscript of the same letter shows, however, that the bishop was by no means so regardless of worldly gear as he professed to be, for he sends a sharp reprimand to Morice for neglecting some money that was out at interest, and expresses the fear that he may lose both interest and principal.

But the most interesting and most touching part of the "Correspondence" relates to the gradual decline of the bishop's beloved and only daughter, his "dear heart" he calls her; and even now, after the lapse of a century and a half, it is scarcely possible to read the sad story of this young wife's lingering death without feeling as if we too had lost a friend. From time to time in his letters we learn that Mary Morice, whose husband, by the way, never calls her by her Christian name, is unwell, that she is suffering from cold or cough, that she has been ordered horse exercise, or sent to Kensington for country air.

The bishop, partly for health's sake, for he was tormented with the gout, partly that he might economize, and chiefly to escape from the fretful anxieties of his thankless post in Paris, resolved in 1728 to make a long visit to the south of France, to spend the winter at Montpellier, and perhaps to go still farther south. After telling his daughter that his physician urged him to winter in a warmer climate, he adds: "I own to you I have other reasons for that journey; the chiefest and of greatest weight with me is that I may be out of the very appearance of managing anything for a certain person who so manages his own business that it is impossible to do him any service. I am resolved, therefore, to be no ways concerned in his affairs, but to live retired and free, if it be possible, from the very suspicion of it." Mrs. Morice, who was very unwell when the news arrived, did not like to hear that her father was going still further from her. "The thought of your removal so far," she writes, "goes down like a bitter pill," and she entreats the bishop, if he must needs go, to let her join him at Montpellier.

For a while Atterbury, for some not very obvious reason, opposed his daughter's plan; and even when he heard that her health was worse, he merely advised her to get to Kensington as quickly as possible, until they could meet somewhere in the north of France. "We are about eight hundred miles off from one another," he writes, "and to show you how much I desire to spare you the trouble of

travelling, six of that eight shall be my part of the journey." There were many projects of removal and of meeting, but nothing was effected. The bishop had a severe attack of gout, from which he scarce expected to recover. Then we read of Mrs. Morice's failing health, and that she is ordered to the south of France. It was arranged that, in company with her husband and some attendants, she should sail to Bordeaux. The voyage was an unfortunate one. They left London on August 19, and were detained twelve days at Dover waiting for a change of wind; then a storm arose, and the vessel, after beating about for two days, was forced to anchor at Plymouth, and there too the anxious travellers were delayed for more than three weeks. Mrs. Morice was evidently growing weaker, and her husband writes of her with great anxiety. Her one wish was to see her father, and the bishop waited for news of her arrival at Bordeaux with the utmost impatience. "I thought I loved you before as much as I could possibly," he wrote, "but I feel such new degrees of tenderness arising in me, upon this terrible long journey, as I was never before acquainted with." Meanwhile, he made arrangements for the land journey between Bordeaux and Montpellier, and sent a servant to await the landing of the voyagers. Atterbury was weighed down with sorrow on hearing of his daughter's state at Plymouth, and it is evident that he feared the worst. On September 27 the ship once more set sail, but on the 30th she was forced back into Falmouth, and there, with the sense that death was approaching, the troubled voyagers had to remain several days. It was not until October 20 that Morice could write a line announcing his arrival at Bordeaux, and adding that his wife was too weak to attempt the land journey for some days. She herself added a scrawl, thanking her "dear papa" for all his "kind and tender letters," and expressing her anxious desire to see him. No doubt she felt that if they did not meet soon they would never meet again in this world. Every day added perceptibly to her weakness. It was found that she could not bear the fatigue of a carriage; a large boat was therefore hired to carry them to Agen, and at the request of her husband, who wrote in great agitation, the bishop hastened to meet them on the road. It was well he did not delay. A litter had been ordered to convey Mrs. Morice from Agen to Toulouse, but none could be obtained, and it was necessary

to pursue the tedious journey in the boat that had already carried them from Bordeaux. At length they reached Toulouse. The bishop had already arrived, and we read how, after mutual expressions of concern and tenderness, the dying girl "particularly acknowledged the great blessing that was granted her of meeting her dear papa, and exerted all the little life that was in her in grasping his hands with her utmost force." In the night she was unable to sleep, and asking for her father, expressed a wish to receive the sacrament. After this, the bishop having gone from the bedside, she called for him — as she had very frequently done — and again said to him, "Dear papa — what a blessing it is — that after — such a long — troublesome — journey — we have — the comfort of this meeting." Having gasped out these words, she called for her husband, spoke in broken accents of her children and servants, and then, turning on her left side, died without a struggle. "It was my business," wrote the broken-hearted father, "to have taught her to die: instead of it she has taught me. I am not ashamed, and wish I may be able to learn that lesson from her."

Atterbury returned to Paris, and Morice to England, taking with him on that sad journey the remains of his wife. The correspondence between the bishop and his son-in-law was renewed. We read in one letter of a visit from Pope to Morice, and how the poet's veneration for the bishop is not lessened by time or absence. "Our discourse," adds the writer, "was full of you; nor was the memory of dear Mrs. Morice forgotten, for whom he had a vast value." The bishop receives also some pleasant news of his eldest granddaughter, who is overjoyed at the thought of visiting him in Paris, and in the mean time sends her duty and a silk purse of her own work. In 1731 Atterbury wrote his last letter to Pope, and asks, "How many books have come out of late in your parts which you think I should be glad to peruse? Name them. The catalogue, I believe, will not cost you much trouble. They must be good ones indeed to challenge any part of my time now I have so little of it left. I, who squandered whole days heretofore, now husband hours when the glass begins to run low, and care not to spend them on trifles. At the end of the lottery of life our last minutes, like tickets left in the wheel, rise in their valuation."

The end was now approaching, but before it came Atterbury defended himself



from a calumny promulgated by Oldmixon—a base libeller who has been doomed to stand eternally in the pillory of the “Dunciad”—that he had helped to garble Clarendon’s “History,” a charge for which there was absolutely no foundation. His vindication, to quote the words of Macaulay, “is a model in its kind, luminous, temperate, and dignified.” He sent a copy to the Pretender, in which he pathetically compares his fate to that of Clarendon. Morice and his two daughters had been with the bishop for some time previously, but when the supreme moment came he was alone. The night before he died he appeared in good health, and wrote several letters. In the early hours of the morning the gout, his old enemy, attacked him in the stomach, and after a brief struggle he expired, in the seventieth year of his age, 1732. The body was carried to England and privately buried by the side of his daughter in Westminster Abbey, not, however, before the coffin had been broken open and searched.

There is nothing more to be said of Atterbury, unless it may be to suggest that in judging of his conduct it will be well to view it from the standpoint of his age and not of ours. We know what we have gained by the Hanoverian succession and the extinction of the Stuart line; but the Jacobites who read contemporary history in the days of George I. may perhaps be pardoned if their prevision of distant advantages proved less strong than their regard for legitimacy. And let it be remembered that at one time the cause of the Stuarts seemed as likely to prosper as that of the Hanoverians. If James had not, as Hallam observes, “given the most undeniable evidence of his legitimacy by constantly resisting the counsels of wise men and yielding to those of priests,” there would, we think, have been several chances in his favor even after the accession of George I. Had the Jacobites been prepared for action on the death of Queen Anne, had they proved, to quote the words of Thackeray, “as bold and resolute as they were clever and crafty,” George, who had little to recommend him to the virtuous and pious nation he ruled over for thirteen years, might never have ruled at all.

It has been recently urged by such competent writers as Mr. Lecky, and Messrs. Abbey and Overton—the recent historians of the Church of England in the eighteenth century—that Jacobitism was not so hopeless a cause as has generally

been considered. After all, the question is perhaps one of less importance than it seems. A Stuart might, perhaps, have been restored with comparative ease, but the old Stuart principles were dead. No king could have retained power after the days of Queen Anne who was not willing to submit to Parliamentary government, and to refrain at least from any hostility to the Established Church. A king might have been called James, but James III. could not have been a new edition of James II. J. D.

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From The Fortnightly Review.  
TWO MEN OF LETTERS.

WITHIN the last few weeks two pieces of literary biography\* have appeared, which present a somewhat remarkable contrast, and which at the same time supplement one another. The one is the “Life of Charles Lever,” the other M. Emile Bergerat’s volume of reminiscences of Théophile Gautier. Between the literary merits of Lever and of Gautier there can of course be little comparison; but between their positions as representatives of French and English (if Irish-English) men of letters of the nineteenth century there is a not inconsiderable similarity. They were almost exactly contemporary, being born within a very few years, and dying within a very few months of one another. Both depended entirely upon their pens for subsistence, and both, though in very different ways, were what is vaguely called men of pleasure. The rewards which they received were indeed different enough in amount. One cannot help thinking how Gautier would have envied a man of letters who could make and spend, as Dr. Fitzpatrick tells us Lever for some years made and spent, three thousand pounds a year. Seventy-five thousand francs represents the income of a man whom the French, in their modest arithmetic, would call *deux fois millionnaire*, and we may be quite sure that Gautier never “touched” half the amount in any one of his forty years of hard literary journeywork—of such journeywork as perhaps no other man of letters ever did. Less fortunate in his actual wages, Gautier was also far

\* Théophile Gautier: *Entretiens*, etc. Par Emile Bergerat, avec une Préface de Edmond de Goncourt. Paris: Charpentier.

Life of Charles Lever. By W. J. Fitzpatrick, LL.D. London: Chapman and Hall.

less fortunate than Lever in his extra-literary gains. M. Bergerat has pointed out that, though Gautier was reproached with his Bonapartism, singularly few drops of the golden shower rewarded his adherence to the empire. He did his work, which was perfectly honest work, and received his pay, which was perfectly clean money. But no senatorship, no lucrative sinecure, fell to his lot; while Lever, in the later years of his life, was at any rate provided for without the necessity of working. "Je redeviens un manœuvre," said the author of "*Emanx et Camées*," to M. Edmond de Goncourt, after the disasters of 1870. For my part, considering what this *manœuvre* has left us, I do not know whether, for the benefit of literature and the credit of the literary calling, one can wish that it had been otherwise. Mérimée's luck might have brought with it Mérimée's fate, and have substituted a zero of idleness and sterility for the splendid work which Gautier so manfully did.

It is not at first easy to account for the uncomfortable impression which Dr. Fitzpatrick's interesting book somehow leaves upon the reader. No biography of the author of "Charles O'Malley" could be dull, and the reader who is in quest of amusement merely will find plenty in these volumes. But that Lever, with all his rollicking, was a decidedly unhappy person, whether it be a true impression or no, is certainly the impression here given. He appears to have been one of those extremely unfortunate men who take no genuine delight in the calling which nevertheless they pursue. He was indeed intensely sensitive as to public opinion on his novels. But he seems to have felt this sensitiveness, not because unfavorable criticism made him doubt the goodness of his work, but because it hurt his vanity. His reckless expenditure, in the same way, seems to have arisen as much from an uneasy desire to live *en prince*, as from simple enjoyment of the good things which his money could bring him. With regard to the famous accusation of "lordolatriy" which Thackeray is said to have brought against him, I think that the passage in the "Book of Snobs" has been somewhat misinterpreted. But nobody can read either his novels or his life without seeing that from the last infirmity of British minds he was not free. He gained plenty of money, but he got rid of it in all sorts of ways, to which it is difficult to apply any milder description than that which was applied to the ex-

travagance of his greater countryman, Goldsmith. If he did not exactly fling it away and hide it in holes and corners, like Lamb's eccentric friend, he did what amounted to nearly the same thing. He was an inveterate gambler. He kept absurd numbers of horses, and gave unreasonable prices for them. To his lavish hospitality one feels less inclined to object, were it not that "wax-candles and some of the best wine in Europe" are not wholly indispensable to literary fellowship. Like many other men of letters in our country, he could not be satisfied without meddling with politics, and endeavoring, though with no great success, to mingle in political society. His wild oats were not of a very atrocious wildness, but he never ceased sowing them. The consequence was that his literary work was not only an indispensable *gagne-pain* to him, but was also never anything else than a *gagne-pain*. It was always written in hot haste, and with hardly any attention to style, to arrangement, or even to such ordinary matters as the avoidance of repetitions, anachronisms, and such-like slovenliness. It has often been noticed that in "Charles O'Malley" itself it will not do to pay the least heed to the sequence or arrangement of the story. The chronology is utterly impossible, the same things recur again and again as incidents, and the whole book as a connected and coherent story is utterly formless and void. The more one hears of the life of the author and his manner of composition, the less surprising is this. The earlier books, at any rate, appear to have been mere transcripts of actual experience, and reminiscences of things heard and seen in Ireland, huddled together anyhow. The works of the second period rested in the same way upon actual observation of Anglo-Continental life, and those of the last, if they had a more original character, were scarcely improved by the change. Lever, in short, was not in the proper sense a man of letters at all. The pen was with him a mere instrument for putting into marketable form the stories which he told so well by word of mouth, and the queer facts, sights, and incidents which he heard, saw, or read of. Of literary form he had little or nothing. Long practice gave him, as it gives most men of talent, a passable style; but this style had little distinction and no special merit. He had neither the industry which tries a hundred phrases till it hits on the right one, nor the genius which hits on the right phrase at once. If his books

are acceptable, it is always for the matter of them only.

So "allegorical an autobiographist" — to use a queer phrase of his own — was Lever, that much of his biographer's work is occupied in tracing the original facts and experiences which he incorporated in his stories. The ballad-singing in the streets of Dublin, the upheaval of the pavement in order to liberate an escaped prisoner, the various escapades and pranks of the egregious Frank Webber, in O'Malley, are known already to everybody. If some of Dr. Fitzpatrick's informants are to be believed, some still more singular experiences have been utilized in "Con Cregan" and "Arthur O'Leary." Early in life Lever went to America, and, it seems, did not like the inhabitants of the States. Thereupon he flung himself into the ranks of the red men, and the following singular episode occurred: —

For a time, Lever said, this was pleasurable; but only for a time. He grew weary of barbarism, and sighed for civilization. He endeavored to hide his emotions, and he succeeded with the men; but one of the squaws, looking at him fixedly, read his thoughts. "Your heart, stranger," said she, "is not with us now. You wish for your own people. But you will never see them again. Our chief will kill you if you leave us. It is the law of our tribe that none joining us can go away. No! no! You will never see the pale faces again, nor go back to your country. How could you find the forest tracks for yourself if you fled? You would be instantly followed and found; and, when found, you would be slain. O stay!" He feigned to be convinced by her arguments; but all his thoughts were fixed on the one object — flight. How could he effect it?

Every day and every hour he studied to find opportunity; but it was all in vain. He found the customs of the tribe to be as the woman described. There was to be no separation from them, or death the penalty. The same squaw noticed the change in his spirits, and ere long in his health; and her woman's heart was touched with compassion. She even devised the means of his getting away.

A red Indian, named Tahata, came to the tribe once a year, bringing tobacco and brandy from some British settlement, and exchanging them for the peltry the hunters had collected from his previous visit. The squaw told Lever that she would sound this man ("The Post" he was called), and see whether for a sum of money he would appoint some place of rendezvous for him in the forest, and be his guide through its mazes until some outpost or town would be reached. Lever had no money, but "The Post" was to be remunerated by his countrymen on his reaching them. The offer

was accepted. Lever, at the squaw's suggestion, feigned sickness, and was left behind in the wigwams with the women, while the tribe were out hunting. In the men's absence he made his escape. Tahata was faithful.

At the termination of this remarkable adventure he "walked through the streets of Quebec in moccasins and feathers." It would be satisfactory if the feathers and moccasins, at least, could be produced in proof of the veracity of the story.

In the interval between Lever's return from America and his student days in Germany, not much seems to have occurred; indeed, the extraordinary vagueness of this part of the biography may best be indicated by mentioning that Dr. Fitzpatrick is not quite sure whether the German studies did not occur before the American trip and the Indian episode. The following notice of Dr. Barrett, famous in O'Malley for his "May the devil admire me," occurs, however, in this part of the book, and is worth quoting: "A gentleman at Clontarf who wished to become tenant of some college lands, invited him, when bursar, with other fellows to dinner. He had not been so far from college since his childhood. It was then that, passing by Lord Charlemont's beautiful demesne and seeing the sheep grazing, he asked what extraordinary animals they were, and when told, expressed the greatest delight at seeing for the first time live mutton. As he passed along the shore, the sea attracted his particular admiration. He described it as 'a broad flat superficies, like Euclid's definition of a line expanding itself into a surface, and blue, like Xenophon's plain covered with worm-wood.'"

The following is said to have been a hospital experience: —

One night a fever patient died; the student took up his candle and proceeded to the dissecting-room. To an uninitiated stranger it would have appeared a horrible and ghastly sight; yet so much are we the slaves of habit, that the young student sat down to his revolting task as indifferently as opening a chess-board. The room was lofty and badly lighted, his flickering taper scarcely revealing the ancient writings that he was about to peruse. On the table before him lay the subject wrapped in a long sheet, his case of instruments resting on it. He read on for some time unheeding the storm which raged without, and threatened to blow in the casements, against which the rain beat in large drops; "and this," said he, looking on the body and pursuing the train of his thoughts, "this mass of lifelessness, coldness, and inaction, is all we know of that

alteration of our being, that mysterious modification of our existence, by which our vital intelligence is launched into the world beyond—a breath and we are here—a breath and we are gone." He raised his knife and opened a vein in the foot. A faint shriek, and a start which overset the table and extinguished the light were the effects of his timidity.

Turning to relight his taper he heard through the darkness a long-drawn sigh, and in weak accents, "Oh, doctor, I am better now!" He covered up the man thus wonderfully re-awakened from almost a fatal trance, carried him back, and laid him in his bed. In a week after the patient was discharged from the hospital cured.

Here, also, one would like a little corroboration. But while these stories, regarded as matters of fact, naturally excite some scepticism, there can be no doubt about one thing. Lever's varied life, his propensity to take hold of every laughable or surprising incident that presented itself, and his faculty of furnishing these incidents (when their own garb was not quite sufficient) with cocked hats and swords, were of immense use to him in his after-life as a novelist. There are two opinions about the value of actual facts to novel-writers. On the one hand, there is no doubt that, if only for a time, they add a considerable attraction and "bite" to a story; on the other hand, it is doubtful whether, in the best novels, any but very occasional use has been made of them. Lever's practice, however, was at one time to rely almost wholly upon the scraps of his experience. More than once he got into considerable trouble by his inveterate habit of introducing real names and real persons into his story. Major Monsoon, indeed, who is perhaps his best single figure, literally sat for the portrait at Brussels, and regarded the proceeding in the light of a regular commercial transaction; but a Galway priest was less accommodating, and never forgave his insertion in one of the novels. "Harry Lorrequer" is said to have been very largely made up of the local stories current at Kilrush, whither Lever was sent in the cholera time of 1832. His subsequent employment in Ulster near the Giant's Causeway, was not less fruitful of stories, and gave him in addition a considerable amount of scenery and character, which he drew upon especially in "The Knight of Gwynne." It is said, too, that in Coleraine Lever himself performed the feat of jumping over a cart and horse, which he afterwards introduced in the most popular of his books. In the same way, his visits to Prebendary Max-

well (an exceedingly unclerical representative of the Church of Ireland) supplied him with most of his knowledge of Galway and Mayo. So it continued to be throughout his life. At Brussels, during his reign as editor of the *University Magazine* at Dublin, in his subsequent wanderings about the Continent and in his residence at Florence and Spezzia, his observation of men and things was the constant source whence he drew his inspiration. Of Trieste the great complaint seems to have been that there was no society, or next to none. In fact, Lever appears to have had a horror of being alone; though, perhaps, it may be admitted that few people have made such tendency to gregariousness as they might possess conducive to the amusement of so large a number of their fellows.

When he began to write for the press, it was naturally enough in short stories and sketches that he preferred to record the results of his experience. He is said to have actually refused to write a long novel, and for a considerable period nothing like regular planning of his work seems to have entered his head. His biographer says that the prominence of Mickey Free in "O'Malley" was quite contrary to such original design as Lever had formed. The novelist found Mickey a very convenient mouthpiece "for enunciating the good things he had picked up." This fully accounts for Mickey's inferiority to Sam Weller, to whom he has been so often compared. Amusing as he is, any critical reader must feel that he is only a mouthpiece. This could never be said of Sam, even by those who deny to the latter any possible existence out of Topsy-Turvy Land. Perhaps the strongest evidence of Lever's real talent is to be found in the way in which he has succeeded in melting down these innumerable tags and scraps into books which, whatever may be their literary defects, can at any rate be read, and are not mere collections of jests. But the literary merit of the early novels is in reality almost as scanty as Edgar Poe, in a well-known review, asserted it to be. Towards the end of his life, long practice and some alteration in his manner of composing, improved Lever in this respect. But his early books are in many parts not merely not good as pieces of literary work, but positively and disgracefully bad. He used to say, we are told, that by the time he had got the details of his stories written down, he was so disgusted with them that he could hardly bring himself even to cor-

rect the proofs. It is, therefore, not very surprising that as his natural gift for writing was certainly not great, his work should have had a slovenly aspect. Such an aspect it most assuredly has, when compared not merely with great masters of style in French and English, but with practitioners in his own kind, such as Crofton Croker and Carleton. The very abundance, perhaps, of his material made him less careful in using it, and in showing it off to the best advantage. But it would rather seem that he did not possess the requisite faculty for turning nature into art. There were many of his contemporaries—Thackeray is a notable instance—who were by no means averse to the use of actual facts and actual persons as materials and models. But Thackeray invariably worked up his raw material into the peculiar form, at once individual and typical, which literature requires. This is what Lever rarely or never does. His pictures are not portraits, they are merely photographs embellished with the stock of appliances and garb of caricature. It is needless to say that anything that is unfavorable in this criticism applies merely to the artist and not to the man. Personally, Lever was doubtless a charming companion, and for mere companionship his books are charming enough still. Only they must not be regarded as books, but simply as reports of the conversation of a lively *raconteur*.

A very different picture is given us by the charming volume in which M. Bergerat has placed on record his remembrances of the last days of Théophile Gautier. The acquaintanceship of the author with his subject was late; it did not, indeed, begin until after the diasters of 1870 had given Gautier his death-blow. But what it wanted in time, it gained in intimacy. M. Bergerat was Gautier's son-in-law, and for the last two years of the poet's life the intercourse of father and son, of master and pupil, was constant. The old age of Gautier seems to have been as kindly as it could be, and not in the least frosty. The very prevalent notion that epicurean principles and tendencies insure for their possessor an old age of misery and disgust, finds its appropriate refutation in this record of the last days of the greatest of nineteenth-century humanists. Certainly Gautier was not without his trials. The preface of M. Edmond de Goncourt, an older friend, shows those trials pretty fully. The Siege, the Commune, and the Republic were all heavy blows to Gautier.

The siege disturbed the placid life which he had led at Neuilly with his sisters, his daughters, and his cats, afflicted his ardent imagination with its sombre ugliness, and wounded the perfectly sincere patriotism, which was none the less fervent in him because it was less vocal than in some of his contemporaries. The outrages and horrors of the Commune jarred upon his kindly nature. Last of all he had to adjust himself to a new order of things in which, rightly or wrongly, he felt himself a stranger and a foreigner. His meeting, after long years of separation, with M. Victor Hugo, is strikingly told in these pages. He had parted with his master when that master was still captain of the crew which De Banville has described in one of his matchless parodies.

Dans les salons de Philoxène  
Nous étions quatre-vingt rimeurs.

He met him again, as he told M. Bergerat, surrounded by "*toute la rédaction du Rappel*." To these moral shocks may be added the pressure of failing health, and the necessity of continuing to work for his daily bread, at an age when most men have retired to a state of more or less easy rest. Yet the unflinching sweetness of his temper, and the fullness of his trust in his art, carried him through these trials. If he was melancholy at times, as M. de Goncourt relates, it was with a melancholy which had not much bitterness in it. His brilliant days were, indeed, over; the days when, in half-sincere, half-humorous gasconade, he would cry out, "*Moi, je suis fort; j'amène 520 sur une tête de Turc, et je fais des métaphores qui se suivent*." The preface contains not a few of these extravagances. There is an appalling description of Louis XIV. which is too Swiftian for quotation. There is a speech to M. Taine, in which that critic's ideas of poetry are treated in a manner which does one's heart good.

"Tenez! Taine, vous me semblez donner dans l'idiotisme bourgeois. Demander à la poésie du sentimentalisme! . . . Ce n'est pas ça. Des mots rayonnants . . . des mots de lumière, avec un rythme et une musique, voilà ce que c'est que la poésie. Ca ne prouve rien. Ca ne raconte rien."

I cannot, as I read this, help wishing that somebody had suggested to Gautier that poetry was "a criticism of life," as we in England—some of us greatly wondering—have been taught in these latter days by a fine master of criticism.

One very curious statement of M. de



Goncourt's is that, to the end of his life, Gautier retained the fine horror of the bourgeois which had characterized his earliest days. The ironical felicitations which he addressed to some unfortunate person recall the preface of *Mademoiselle de Maupin*. "Toi, tu es heureux, tu aimes le progrès, les ingénieurs qui abiment le paysage avec leurs chemins de fer, les utilitaires, tout ce qui met dans un pays une saine édilité." After which he would indulge in the most terrible pictures of bourgeois morals: an effect which must have been full of comedy. For in truth Gautier's bourgeois was a highly figurative person; and in one sense of the term nothing could have been more bourgeois than his own placid existence at Neuilly in the midst of his family.

Besides M. de Goncourt's preface the book has no less than seven different divisions into which M. Bergerat has thrown what he has to say. The section on "*Théophile Gautier, peintre*," though an interesting one in itself, need not concern us here. It is amusing enough to know that the great writer regarded himself to the last (and was dutifully regarded by his faithful sisters) as one who ought to have been a great painter. "*Derniers Moments*" contains a sad, though in no way repulsive account of the painful malady or complication of maladies which proved fatal to Gautier, and need not be much dwelt on. Then there is a section headed "*Cœuvres posthumes et projets*" which contains, among other things, a full account of a ballet in the style of "*Giselle*," and others which figure among the poet's published work. This ballet is on the subject of the piper of Hamelin, and is very gracefully treated. It is said to have been rejected by M. Halanzier (or rather to have been denied representation) for a delightfully absurd reason. M. Halanzier, it seems, called to his assistance that responsible and dignified official, the ballet-master of the opera. The ballet-master was dead against the piper and his rats. The rat, he said, was an *animal immonde*, and the subscribers would be wholly unable to bear the sight of him. "*Encore, monsieur*," said he, "*si c'était une abeille!*" But unluckily it was not possible to turn the rats into bees, and so the "*Preneur de Rats*" remains still in M. Halanzier's portfolios. A section entitled "*Souvenirs*" is chiefly occupied with defending Gautier from the charge of being a Bonapartist. He was at most, says M. Bergerat, a Mathildien, but he admits frankly

that the poet had as great a horror of the red spectre as any of his enemies the bourgeois, and that his political ideas were limited to a very hearty respect for authority, a respect which did not trouble itself greatly about the authority's source, its manner of exercise, or anything else connected with it. He tells us, too, what any reader of Gautier will find little difficulty in believing, that political discussion was peculiarly disagreeable to the poet, and that he would leave any table or society where it was started.

More important than these are the sections of the book devoted to a short sketch of Gautier's life, to a selection (all, unfortunately, that can be published) from his charming letters, and to the *Entretiens*, which, indeed, form the bulk of the volume. The biography contains some interesting statements. Even the sternest contemner of trifling literary anecdotes must be pleased to hear that Gautier's father and mother spent their honeymoon in no less a place than the Château d'Artagnan. His earliest years were spent at Tarbes, as is sufficiently well known. But what is not sufficiently well known is the following delightful "story of a desk," which M. Bergerat has preserved:—

"While I was at Tarbes," said he, "I heard from my fellow-townsmen that my school-desk was religiously preserved at the town school, and that it was the admiration of tourists. Very much flattered at finding that such honor was paid to me in my lifetime, I resolved to make acquaintance with the curious desk which was attributed to me, and at the same time with the school which boasted of having owned me as a pupil. I therefore presented myself *incognito* to the principal, and, announcing myself as an enthusiastic admirer of my own writings, I begged him to take me to see the beloved desk which had been the witness of my childish precocity.

The principal insisted upon the honor of being himself my guide. The desk which he showed me, and even allowed me to touch, was certainly a desk of some sort, but at the sight of it an irresistible emotion took possession of me. It was assuredly the first time that I and it had ever been face to face with each other, but still, if it was not my desk, it might easily have been. It might have awakened in me a crowd of memories! I sat down on the bench which belonged to it, and which, if fate had so willed it, would have been *my* bench, and having placed myself in the attitude of a studious scholar, I tried to imagine myself as once again in my own proper position. The principal, seeing me thus absorbed, could not restrain a smile softened by emotion; he showed me on the desk sundry scratches and cuts made by Théophile Gautier in class, pro,

curing for him, no doubt, many an imposition. I asked if I might carry off a little fragment of the wood as a relic. He gave me permission. Then he led me away, telling me, meantime, a score of authentic anecdotes which appeared even to me conclusive, and from which it resulted that I must have been a marvellous scholar and the glory of his school. A Philistine would have taken a foolish pleasure in robbing the good man of his illusions. I had the less desire to do so, because I shared them with him. I quitted him without revealing who I really was, and I told no one of my visit. In fact, the principal was right,—added my master,—as a question of morality; falsehood is much more amusing than truth, and has sometimes a greater probability. I had had a vision like Musset's, and had made acquaintance with the young man dressed in black, who was as like me as a brother.

Gautier's school friendship with Gerard de Nerval, his initiation in the *Petit énéacle*, his presence in the red waistcoat at the first representation of "*Hernani*," and all the rest of it, are well known from his own account. But as he has sometimes been accused of remaining silent when he should have praised the god of his former and constant idolatry under the empire, it is fair to give the following story, to which it need only be added that M. Victor Hugo's own words sufficiently refute the slander. "*Votre main n'a pas quitté ma main*," he writes to Gautier:—

On the 21st of June, 1867, the Comédie Française produced "*Hernani*." Théophile Gautier was the principal attraction in this reproduction. He was seen in his box smiling, grown young again, without his red waistcoat, but still with his long lion's mane of hair, giving the signal, and as it were the tradition of the applause. But it was asked how the critic of the *Moniteur*, in his position of official writer, would manage to speak of the author of the "*Châtiments*" in the journal of the Imperial government. The next day Théophile Gautier himself brought his article to the *Moniteur*. They begged him to moderate the eulogy, and to soften its enthusiastic tone. Without making the slightest objection, he took up a sheet of blank paper, and wrote on it his resignation. Then having made them take him to the minister of the interior, he laid before M. de Lavalette his article and resignation. "Choose," said he. The minister ordered the article to be inserted without altering a word of it.

The next thing that I shall extract ought to amuse the most ferocious decriers of his tabooed book:—

It would be a mistake to believe that the romantic outpourings of Théophile and the boldness of his pen displeased his family. Pierre Gautier was, as I have already said, a

great admirer of the literary and artistic ideas of his son. As for the mother, it is needless to say that she lived in a continual state of dumb ecstasy, in the contemplation of this handsome young man with waving hair, who was gaining in the world every imaginable success. Never was child more spoiled, more petted, more admired by his family. Paternal authority never interfered except to remind the idle writer of the page begun and the end to be attained. Théophile Gautier wrote "*Mademoiselle de Maupin*" in the room which he occupied in his parent's house in the Place Royale. This work, full of spirit and animation, and which appears to have been written as it were at one breath, so that many people regard it as his masterpiece, wearied him extremely in the composing. The poet who lived as a lion, and a man of fashion, much preferred writing love-sonnets, and displaying his gorgeous waistcoats and marvellous pantaloons on the boulevards, to shutting himself up before a lamp and blackening fair sheets of paper. Besides, in his character of romanticist he detested prose, and regarded it as in the last degree philistine. When he came in, therefore, his father used to turn the key on him while he set him his task. "You will not come out," cried he through the closed door, "until you have written ten pages of '*Maupin*.'" Sometimes Théophile resigned himself, sometimes he got through the window. At other times it was his mother who let him out by stealth, always anxious and fearing lest her son should be fatigued by so much work.

Here again is a curiously characteristic reminiscence of the connection which existed between Gautier and Balzac:—

When Curmer was thinking of his publication: "*Les Français peints par eux-mêmes*," he applied to Balzac for a contribution. The great novelist agreed to give his assistance on one condition, namely, that the work should contain a study on himself, and that this study should be written by Théophile. Was not this condition included in the spirit of the title, "*Les Français peints par eux-mêmes*"? Curmer agreed. Balzac instantly hurried to the Rue de Navarin, where Gautier lived, and informed him of the order. It came like a lark from the sky ready roasted. "I will pay you five hundred francs," said Balzac, "for this study on myself." Théophile had soon furnished it and carried it to the publisher, but with his usual timidity did not dare to ask for the money due to him. A week, then a fortnight passed, still no news of Balzac. At last one morning he appeared. "I do not know how to thank you," he said to his friend: "your study is a masterpiece. As I think you may be in want of money I have brought you the sum agreed upon," and he laid down two hundred and fifty francs.

"But," Gautier ventured to say, "I thought you told me five hundred, I must have misunderstood you."

"Not the least in the world; I did tell you five hundred. But consider a moment. If I had not existed, you could never have said all the good of me which you have said; that is clear. Then, had there been no article of yours, there would have been no money. I take the half of the sum as the subject treated, and I give you the rest as the author treating. Is not that just?"

"As Solomon himself," replied Gautier, who, many years after, in telling me the story, declared that Balzac was perfectly right.

Besides innumerable personal anecdotes of this kind, the book contains many illustrations, even more interesting, of literary idiosyncrasy. One of M. Bergerat's notes is that Gautier, who scarcely ever altered a phrase in his manuscript, never would insert any punctuation in it. He held stops and accents as a detail of the printer's business. Unfortunately printers—may I add editors?—cannot be induced to take this admirably reasonable point of view. Another interesting detail is Gautier's idea of a style-school, which seems to have been quite serious, and not to have resembled Baudelaire's possibly borrowed theory of "poetry in twenty lessons." Gautier had a perfectly just idea of the services he had rendered to French, and the following passages, allowance being made for his lively and picturesque language, do not exaggerate these services one whit:—

My own part in this literary revolution was very plainly marked out. I was to be the painter of the company. I threw myself vigorously into the quest for adjectives; I dug up charming and even admirable ones, which it would be impossible to do without any longer. I foraged in the sixteenth century, to the great scandal of the subscribers of the Théâtre-Française, the academicians, and the close-shaven bourgeois, as Petrus calls them. I came back with my basket laden. I laid on the palette all the tints of dawn and the shades of sunset; I gave back to you red, dishonored by politicians; I composed poems in white major, and when I saw that the result was good, that the best writers followed my lead, and that the professors basked in their chairs, I delivered my famous axiom, "He whom any thought, however complex, any vision, even were it the most apocalyptic, surprises, without words to express it, is not a writer." And the goats have been separated from the sheep, the supporters of Scribe from the disciples of Hugo, in whom dwells all genius. Such is my part in the quest.

"I know not," said my master, one day, to me, "what posterity will think of me, but I fancy that I shall at least have been useful to the language of my own country. It would be

positive ingratitude to refuse to me, after death, the modest merit of a philologist. Ah! my dear child," he added, smiling, "if we only had as many piastres or roubles as the words I have rescued from Malherbe! You young people will thank me some day, when you see what an instrument I have left in your hands, and you will defend my memory against those literary diplomatists who, having no ideas to express, and no wit to make the most of, wish to reduce us to the hundred words of the language of Racine. Attend to this, that you may remember it at a future day: the day that I am acknowledged as a classic, thought will be very near attaining its full freedom in France!"

In another place I find a curious account of Gautier's belief in his powers of writing the *roman-feuilleton*, the one lucrative branch of the literary profession in France. In a single instance, as students of his works know, he put his theory into practice, and the result was "*La Belle Jenny*"—a remarkable book, for which I am glad to see that M. Bergerat, with all his hero-worship, has little more affection than I have myself. The criticism of M. Emile de Girardin, for whom it was written, is charming. He had allowed Gautier to write it as a *tour de force*, and the author, if not the editor, was fully satisfied with the result. In the pride of his heart Gautier wanted to go on *ad infinitum*, after the fashion of the kind of author whose work he was imitating. "Est-ce que l'abonné ne trouve pas qu'il en ait pour son argent?" he asked of the editor of the *Presse*. "Mon ami," replied that experienced person, "c'est ça, et ce n'est pas ça. L'abonné ne s'amuse pas franchement: il est gêné par le style."

M. Bergerat has inserted in his volume not a few poetical waifs and strays, which have not as yet found their way into collections of Gautier's works. The best of these is not suitable for quotation here, though some day or other it will doubtless take its place among the other jewels of the "*Emaux et Camées*." There are, however, two pieces which must be quoted. They seem to have been in their origin merely occasional verse:—

Je suis le mot de la charade  
Qu'on vient de jouer devant vous,  
Et si je parais sur l'estrade  
C'est pour que vous deviniez tous.

Mon nom longtemps troubla le monde:  
Il n'en est pas de plus connu;  
Chacun le répète à la ronde,  
L'enfant même l'a retenu.

Cherchez bien — je suis cette reine  
Qui buvait des perles dans l'or,  
Et dont la beauté souveraine  
Fait rêver le poète encor.

Lasse de tant de nuits dormies  
Sous l'ombrage des grands palmiers,  
Quittant le pays des momies  
Je vins au pays des mômières.

Sans regret j'ai fui le Nil jaune  
Pour le Léman aux flots d'azur,  
Et cependant j'avais un trône !  
Un fauteuil en Suisse est plus sûr !

Je fais la rime d'idolâtre  
Et je mourus par un aspic ;  
Mais ce n'était pas au théâtre :  
Nul ne sifflait dans mon public !

Sur un coin d'infini traînant son voile d'ombre  
La terre obscure allume à l'éternel cadran,  
Sirius, Orion, Persée, Aldébaran,  
Et fait le ciel splendide en le rendant plus sombre.

On voit briller parmi les étoiles sans nombre  
L'énorme Jupiter dont un mois vaut notre an,  
Et Vénus toute d'or, et Mars peint de safran,  
Et Saturne alourdi par l'anneau qui l'encombre.

A ces astres divers se rattache un destin :  
Jupiter est heureux, Mars hargneux et mutin,  
Vénus voluptueuse et Saturne morose.

Moi, mon étoile est bleue et luit même en  
plein jour  
Près d'une oreille sourde à mes soupirs  
d'amour

Sur le ciel d'une joue adorablement rose !

I cannot help remembering, as I read over this splendid sonnet, with its majestic alexandrines, so full of color, of varied harmony, of stately grace, of fervent passion, that we have just been told that French has no adequate form for high poetry. A dissertation on this thesis is, perhaps fortunately, not called for here. Nor would it be in place even to examine the characteristics of Gautier himself as a poet. I could wish for nothing better than an opportunity of so doing. But I shall be perfectly content to rest upon the fourteen lines of this sonnet, a mere waif be it repeated, casually written and casually preserved, the capacities of the alexandrine for high poetry. In a formal defence of that magnificent metre (none the less magnificent because it has accidentally failed to be much cultivated in English), scores and thousands of examples might be produced far more convincing. In a formal discussion of Gautier's own poetry, the "*Comédie de la Mort*" and "*Le Thermodon*," the "Lines

on Corneille," and many of the "*Emaux et Camées*," "The Elegy on Clemence," and many another early lyric must rank above and before it. But as it is to my hand here, I am content with it as a vindication of Gautier and of the alexandrine.

If the comparison of the lives of two men of such different talents as Lever and Gautier has any lessons for us, it seems to be this, that devotion to art has its rewards. There is the secret of a whole life's consolations in Gautier's boast — a boast perfectly justified — "I defy you to write the *feuilleton* I shall write to-morrow in the language of Racine and Boileau." He knew that he had added to the accomplishments of his own language, and what is more, that he had added to its capabilities. Perhaps it would be impossible to name any one in this century who has done this to such an extent as Gautier. From very early days his works have always been the special delight of men of letters in his own country. He has, in a different sense, occupied the position of "poet's poet," which has been assigned in our own language to Spenser, and thus his influence has been multiplied and strengthened almost indefinitely. To those who read the preface of "*Mademoiselle de Maupin*" now, forgetting its date, admiration of it may not be mixed with a feeling of surprise at the extraordinary novelty and originality of the style. But to capable readers in 1836, it must have been simply a revelation. It was as entirely new as the manner with which a few years before Macaulay had surprised Jeffrey, and it had few or none of the drawbacks from which Macaulay's brilliant *argot* suffered. But if we skip thirty years and turn to the "*Capitaine Fracasse*," we shall find a style of equal or greater brilliancy, which yet is not in the least mannered or copied from the writer's earlier work. Throughout his life Gautier was literally what he has been called, a "*parfait magicien des lettres françaises*." Yet the magic was, after all, like most of such magic, the result of continual work. Unlike many other men of letters, Gautier was constantly reading. M. Bergerat tells us that when he was not talking, eating, or writing he was always reading, and that nothing came amiss to him down to mere scraps and waifs of printed waste paper. The progress of his fatal illness was marked by nothing so much as by the cessation of this inveterate habit. These miscellaneous readings were undoubtedly

part of the great "adjective hunt," as he was wont to phrase it. His *copia verborum* was thus constantly fed and increased, while at the same time his unceasing practice in writing made the store one of constantly circulating capital, and not a mere useless accumulation. There never seems to have been a time when even the most minute question of literary practice, a rhyme-hunt or the like, had not a vivid interest for him. Thus his occupation, however he might occasionally groan at and complain of it, was in practice an unfailing source of pleasure, of relief from ennui, of alternatives from self-regarding cares. It was a strong tower which successfully kept out the enemy, until sheer physical collapse ceased to make it any longer defensible. On the other hand it would be difficult to find in Lever any trace of love for or interest in his art as an art. It seems to have been always a means to an end, or rather to half a hundred different ends, pursued with less or more zest for the time, but rarely falling in with any possible or coherent plan of life. Though he was a man of letters, his interests were nothing so little as literary. The wildest absurdities of the *Jeunes-France* and the *Bousingots* were somehow or other connected with literary questions. Lever's youthful escapades and later dissipation had nothing to do with literature at all, and might have been and were shared in by persons of no taste or interest in literature whatever. There is a famous sentence of Thackeray's which has sometimes excited a good deal of surprise. "No class of men talk of books or, as a rule, read books so little as literary men." It is not true of England now perhaps, but it certainly was true of England then. It has never since France possessed a literature been true of France, and the difference is strikingly illustrated in comparing these two volumes. M. Bergerat's book is almost composed of literary conversations, souvenirs, jests. Here the hero is defending a thesis against M. Taine or M. Renan, there expounding another for the benefit of M. Bergerat, everywhere talking of books, the way to write books, and the merits of books when written. In Dr. Fitzpatrick's volumes, on the other hand, there is hardly a single literary opinion cited of Lever's, and except the obligatory notice of his own books, scarcely anything that can be said to possess literary interest. It might as well be the life of a politician or a man of business, for any interest that its subject

seems to have taken in things literary. It is quite possible that there may be something to be said in favor of this. The concentration of men of letters and art in literary and artistic sets and cliques has obvious disadvantages, of which the talking of "shop" is not the worst. It tends, no doubt, to promote a severance between the different lines of thought and intellectual occupation in the nation. The eternal hatred sworn to the bourgeois is not a necessary or a beneficial phenomenon either to the bourgeois himself or the man of letters. Although the tendency of French politics since the Revolution to open political positions to literary men of distinction may have made some compensation, it is still probable that the divorce between the Philistine and the anti-Philistine there is wider than with us. This divorce is at any rate not good for the Philistine himself, while it may tend to force his opponent into Bohemian ways and habits which he might very well avoid. But that it has done good to literature there can be no doubt. With very few exceptions, the service of the English literary man is rendered more or less half-heartedly. He is a journalist, a politician, a man of the world, a historian, a dramatist first, and a man of letters afterwards. He wants to influence public opinion, to get into good society, to establish his family comfortably, to do everything, in short, rather than live in companionship with the muses, and with a few of the elect of their worshippers. Sometimes, no doubt, he achieves all these ends more or less completely; sometimes he fails very completely indeed. In the latter case the art which he has cultivated only with a half devotion naturally does not do much for him at the last. There is a story of a French man of letters who expired, and had apparently deliberately purposed to expire, while correcting a proof. The person concerned was something of a coxcomb, and his taste in selecting that particular branch of literary employment was certainly peculiar. But there was something not altogether inappropriate in the assertion of devotion to the employment to which he had given himself up.

The spirit of Congreve's famous speech to Voltaire has never, at least since Voltaire's time, commended itself to men of letters across the Channel. With us literature has, until very recently, hardly been even a profession, still less an art having a recognized guild and brotherhood of cultivators. It would be consid-



ered an affectation, and a hardly pardonable affectation in any one who had not produced capital works in some popular department of literature, to take the name of a man of letters at all. There may, I have said, be a good many reasons against, as well as for, the definite constitution and herding together of a body of *gens de lettres*. But it certainly has one result which cannot be denied. It leads to the display of much greater merit of the purely literary kind in the discharge of merely miscellaneous literary work. The French journalist, novelist, dramatist, may be and often is a man of far less education and information than his English compeer, but at least he does not often produce such slovenly and formless work. Also it has another good result which has been sufficiently indicated already in this review of the memoirs of a great man of letters. It gives the *littérateur* all the essentials of a religion, the fellow-feeling, the cardinal doctrines, the prescribed hatreds which go to make up a regular cult. It is an excellent thing to have a religion of any kind, and particularly excellent when the relish of miscellaneous good things is fading, and pleasure, if it has to be found at all, must be sought in quiet occupations and in the performance of daily tasks. The game of the hunter of adjectives never becomes scarce, and his interest and energy in the quest never desert him.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

From The Spectator.

#### IN COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.

YOUNG ITALY, especially of late, has been breaking the hearts of all who are in love with the poetry of associations. Besides the inherent beauty in the old work which is being destroyed every year, there vanishes with such destructions the added poetry which each year, and each season of each year, has stamped on the stone or marble surface, the harmony and tone that age, nature working upon art, alone can give. Young Italy ruthlessly carts away the houses from the Ponte-alle-Grazie in Florence, she destroys romantic fountains in Rome, and to say nothing of the wholesale sacrilege committed by restoration and destruction in Venice, Torcello, and Murano, she climbs with youthful, brutal energy up into the quiet Cadore mountains, and ruins, for the poet or the artist, the aspect of the spot where Titian was

born, rooting up, we are told, the old fountain standing on the little green plateau by the side of his birthplace, against the background of dolomite heights, the fountain round which Titian must have played as a little child, which he must have watched from the old kitchen-window, as the cattle came in herds, morning and evening, to drink from its stone lip. Young Italy saw nothing worth preserving in such an association, but unhappily was not inactive in her obtuseness. She wished to erect something accordant with her own taste, in a spot of world-wide interest (a spot whose chief interest lies in the thought of what it looked like four centuries ago), and the result of Young Italy's efforts is, in place of the old fountain, a modern one in the taste of the age, spotting with its crude newness the mellowed tone of the scene, and vulgarizing with a suggestion of sight-seeing a most beautiful and romantic landscape. England cannot boast of much more refinement in such matters. Each year brings about, notwithstanding the Anti-Restoration Society, some fresh destruction, which depresses with a sense of cruelty, and disheartens all hopes for better things in the future. To say nothing of graver and more important destructions, why could not the inoffensive little fountain in the Temple Gardens be left to tell its little story of a past; or the funny old vestry in Kensington, guarded by quaint figures — two pretty bits of color in the old street — be left us, to make a link with the old palace behind? The same answer is always given, — utility must not be sacrificed to impractical fancies. As if there was no practical use in that feeling of love of early associations and reverence for the past, for the beauty that age, and age alone, can add to any monument, to any human thought worked out in art! letting alone the unsatisfactory answer which must be given to this question, — If we pull down, can we build up again as well? In these days of machinery, the art we have alive in us has all retired into picture-making and statue-making. No longer in every-day buildings or street ornamentation can we find an idea spontaneous and original, framed by the artistic faculty which was second nature in former times, and put into shape by the hand of workers also imbued by such an instinctive faculty. There is no denying the fact that we are yearly thoughtlessly destroying what, in the nature of things, we cannot recover in any form. The world has moved away from the conditions which allowed of the con-

struction of these things, and we ought to realize the impossibility of repeating them. But there is one spot in Europe which the most melancholy of the anti-restorers should flock to and take comfort in, — where not only no destruction is going on, but at present construction in honor of the past. The Cologne Cathedral is to be finished next year. The sound of the hammers and tools that began its foundation six hundred years ago is to cease, they say, in August, 1880, leaving complete this greatest poem in stone the world possesses. Perhaps it is from a spirit of pride more than from religious devotion, that the Germans have for so many years been spending large sums of money on the finishing of this great work; certainly the feeling of the Cologne Cathedral is not repeated in any modern work in the town or country over which it soars high into the air, dwarfing all other buildings for many miles around it. Still, whatever may be the impulse, there is in the undertaking a spirit of reverence for an idea, and the acknowledgment of the greatness of the idea. The plan has not been changed. No modern German has dared to try and improve the conception which, six hundred years ago, a now nameless enthusiast — a giant architect — imagined and drew down. The greatest ideas attack so many sides of human sympathy, that it is seldom but one side is found, sooner or later, to respond to the greatest efforts of genius; and in whatever spirit it is completed, however different are the religious feelings of the workmen who began on the foundations in 1248, and those who are finishing the pinnacles in 1879, once finished, the plan worked out, it exists for all the world, — a standard of imaginative grasp, courageous enthusiasm, and yearning devotion to a higher being, the loftiest shrine of Gothic feeling in the world. Let us be grateful to the Germans that they have not only connected the two detached pieces of building, two colossal fragments intercepted by masses of old houses — the condition the cathedral was in when the century began — but that they have completed the plan faithfully to the original conception.

As you mount the hilly street from your hotel, and confront the huge pile and feel the influence of its extraordinary beauty, this idea of an unknown poet whose work breathes up into spaces of blue sky and masses of white, luminous cloud, leaving the roofs of houses at its base, dwarfing the town around it, a romantic, almost

mythical interest seems to attach one to it. How strange to hear the sound of the hammers as you pass the sheds clustered round the base, and listen to the ring of the tools echoing far away above in those labyrinths of scaffolding that still enclose the airy heights of the spires; how strange to think those hand-workers are still constructing the idea of a master who had but one human life six hundred years ago! What thousands of hands, used for how many years on the conception of one brain! Is that one brain conscious that its work is so nearly completed, that the plan it conceived has taken form and size, and that it has risen far up into the air, the greatest poem in stone the world has ever seen? Is this an infant effort of a brain and heart which for six hundred years since has been developing fresh powers in another world? The whole building gives the feeling of rising and lifting itself up away from the town; from its tourist life of comfortable, crowded hotels, from its commercial life of busy traffic and screeching trains and steamers, from the echo of the life of modern Paris, the ideal of the *bourgeoisie* of Europe, the materialist life of pleasure, show, and comfort, — this Gothic shrine would seem to spring up away from all this. The flying buttresses alone in the design, like arms outstretched around it, holding on to pinnacled staves, seem to fix it down. The richness, the intricacy, the elaboration, these are all beautiful and admirable, but they are but details in the service of that feeling of upward yearning and longing, the pure poetry of Gothic art. As the height of the dome rises above the dwelling-houses around it, so the elevation of that feeling of devotion must have risen above material interests in the soul of the inventor of this great poem. Where, in our modern life, is the fervor, so secure in its aim, so settled in its faith, so enthusiastic in its force? This is the genius of the old masters. We have art-genius enough, but art not elevated by some faith enthusiastically believed in has never and will never create works such as this, unquestionably great, which impresses, consciously or unconsciously, every human soul coming under its influence.

Leaving the sunlight on the Platz outside, and passing through the small swing-door, you find yourself in cool spaces of shadowed height. The Gothic feeling is even more impressively, because more simply, expressed here, than in the richer, more elaborate building out-

side, the casement of the shrine. Inside, the sense of being drawn higher and higher is even greater. The eye unconsciously rises, as the pillars seem to be attenuated and stretch away above the sight. The roof is nowhere, the eye seldom reaches it. There is a general sense of overshadowing, but it is far above; the sense of springing upwards has no limit. The completeness of Greek perfection, the self-contained power which produces perfect harmony, is not here, nor the ornamented art of the Renaissance; but a spirit, a soul, has built itself into pillars which soar with almost an exaggeration of height; the courage for such a successful exaggeration of proportion means a strength outside and beyond human reason. To realize in stone such a yearning upwards of the spirit means more than genius for art, though this is present in its highest constructive power; it means the genius of religious devotion, inspiration. It is the purity and directness of aim in this art which separates it, and elevates it above all more recent art of the kind; the spirit of it makes even that of Albert Dürer's magnificent windows modern, fantastic, and worldly. The saints in these are mixed up with heraldry, the Maria with rings and potentates, the materials of the robes of the devotional are patterned over with richest designs, the colors are gorgeous, they are triumphs of art; but sit down on one of the seats below them, and turn towards the vistas of pillars, and you feel how much more elevated and simpler is the feeling of the earlier work, in those cross avenues of stony stems flecked with colored sunlight, and pierced with the jewels of old glass, like the points of light that dazzle through thick foliage from the setting sun. This older glass, two hundred years more ancient than that of Albert Dürer, has in it no design that can be distinctly traced from below, but mysterious jets of solemn color, through which the sun has pierced for five hundred years, dazzle round the loftiest pillars like crowns of jewels.

Moving across the church, towards the old entrance, you come upon the huge stone image of St. Christopher, struggling through the floods, yearning, enthusiastic, happy, guided by the smiling child, seeing the further side, the goal where the burden will be taken off and a truth unveiled. Here, again, is the purest spirit of the Gothic; also in the group of the Pieta, found under the houses which for centuries divided the tower from the chancel. The expression of the faces, roughly

sculptured, in this group is gentle and dignified, the sorrow in them simple and grave, the devotion tender and pitying. The whole group, however, is smothered with large paper roses, a breath of the devotion of the nineteenth-century Catholics. Sitting in view of the St. Christopher, we see also a little doll, very old, and decked with queenly robes and numberless gold and jewelled trinkets. Seven candles are burning by her side, seven signs of faith in the Cologne Catholics that the Virgin will cure their sick children. If it is a leg that causes the illness, a little wax leg is brought and hung beneath her shrine, on which she stands in a glass case; if an arm, a wax arm; if it is a general illness, a wax image of a whole baby. If the children recover, the Virgin is rewarded by having a brooch, or a ring, or a cross hung on to her. This, surely, can hardly be the practice of the Germans we meet at our *table d'hôte*. These look so very unsuperstitious, so much too knowing, for any such faith as this. Probably such customs are chiefly kept up by the peasant class. But is this feeling less enlightened than the materialist view of life? Both assuredly fall far short of the elevation and the enlightenment of the spirit who, living in what is called the dark ages, created this marvel of architecture, this poem of Gothic feeling, the Cologne Cathedral. We leave it with a sense that humanity seems purer, higher, worthier for having counted among its creatures such a brain and such a soul as the inventor of it.

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From The Daily Telegraph.

#### DISCOVERY OF THE NORTH-EAST PASSAGE.

ONE more great secret has been wrested from old Nature. The North-east Passage has been safely accomplished. The telegram from New York informs us that the "Vega," which left Sweden in July 1878, with Professor Nordenskiöld on board as the leader of the expedition, reached Yokohama September 3, all well. On July 20 the gallant little steamer passed East Cape, midway through the Behring's Straits, and a salute from the tiny gun on board announced to a frozen world that the memorable feat had been achieved. The splendid success has been splendidly deserved. It was no lucky accident of exploration that found the "Vega" a way round the northernmost

point of Asia, no chance good fortune that carried her through new seas to the Behring's Straits. Professor Nordenskiöld has fought it out fairly with nature. The combat has been a long one, and round after round had to be toughly contested before the professor closed with his opponent—the Arctic Ocean—and floored the grim old tyrant. Six times he has gone northward to do battle with ice and snow, and each time, though returning, he has brought back such knowledge of the enemy's weakness that assured him of ultimate success. Rounding North Cape he had at first steamed northwards, but becoming convinced of the inutility of storming the Spitzbergen passage, turned eastwards. A long interval of laborious research into the records of previous expeditions, assisted by journeys to various points on the Siberian coast, made him confident of attaining the great end which Arctic exploration has so long struggled after, and confident also of the enormous benefits that would accrue to the worlds of science and trade, the immense additions to human knowledge that would be made, were that end attained. Our own societies, notably the Royal Geographical, have long urged upon the world the splendor of the results to be expected. A vast expanse of seas as yet unknown would be charted and surveyed, brought under the dominion of the world's fleets, and a continent, to us a sealed book, would be revealed in all its wonders of new types of life. As yet the vegetable and animal life of the Arctic Ocean is almost unknown; but science eagerly believes that in the Siberian Polar Sea the types consist of survivals from the glacial period. "The mammoth period," if the North-east Passage could be made, would soon stand explained to us, and from the new fields opened to scientific study, light would soon be thrown upon many of our most interesting problems in every branch of research. With such a prize before him, and trained for the task as few have ever trained themselves before, Professor Nordenskiöld started on his expedition.

Leaving Gothenberg on July 4, 1878, the "Vega" a teak steam whaler, built at Bremen, and specially adapted by refitting and strengthening to the work before her, sighted Nova Zembla on the 28th and anchored on that day off a village on the Samoyed peninsula, at the entrance to the Kara Sea. The Ice Cave, as the sea had at one time come to be called, so hopeless did it seem to attempt to cross it, had

long lost its terrors to the Norwegian fishermen, for these hardy men, assailing the great ice barriers at every season of the year, had at last learnt their secret, and the Kara Sea has of late years become a regular fishing ground for the Norsemen, who have so gallantly won it. Professor Nordenskiöld had profited by his studies of the experience of those who had preceded him "towards the rising sun," and the once dreaded Kara Sea was surprised when it was almost entirely free of ice. The savants on board the "Vega" landed, and each in his particular branch of science found the days all too short for the magnificent harvests he gathered in. The Samoyeds themselves afforded ample subject for inquiry and study, while the waters in which they fished, and the country in which they hunted the bear and wolf were teeming with novel interest and rich discovery. Magnetic and meteorological observations of great interest were taken, and but that the voyage was manifestly only begun, it almost seemed as if its objects had been already achieved. On August 1 the "Vega" proceeded very slowly eastward, dredging and sounding continually. No ice barred the way, for the loose, rotten floes that abounded hardly deserved the name, and in five days the steamer was safe in Dickson's Haven, destined, so says Professor Nordenskiöld, to be in future years one of the chief exporting ports of Siberia. Bears were numerous, and reindeer also; while the vegetation struck the explorers as being very rich. On the 10th the "Vega" resumed her course, and threading her way through unknown islands, usually bound together by strong bands of ice, but now separated by straits of floating "sludge," reached a fine harbor situated in the strait between Taimyr Island and the mainland—Actinia Haven, as it has been christened from the numbers of actinia that have been dredged up. One discovery made at this point is worth special remark. Examining the ice in a small floe, Professor Nordenskiöld found some yellow specks, "which proved to be coarse-grained sand consisting of very beautifully-formed crystals." As a practical mineralogist, the professor decided that they were "no ordinary terrestrial mineral, but possibly a matter crystallized from the sea-water during the severe cold of winter!" Leaving Actinia Haven on the 18th, they coasted north-east, and next evening came to anchor in a bay off Cape Chelyuskin or Severo (or, as our telegram calls it, Cape Tsejdskin), the



most northerly point of Asia. This was the first time the formidable headland had been turned, and, if the expedition had had no finer goal before it, would have sufficed to make the "Vega's" journey one of the most memorable on record. For three centuries man has tried in vain to round Cape Chelyuskin. Its successful accomplishment at last comes in only as a mere incident of a voyage, or as one of the minor events of the expedition which closed with such a splendid triumph as the discovery of the North-east Passage.

This notable promontory stands in 77 deg. 41 min. N. and 104 deg. 1 min. E., and sloping up from it southerly rise mountains, free from snow, about one thousand feet in height. The rocks are of slate, the plains of clay, with a variety of animal and vegetable life surprising to those who have hitherto considered the shores of the Arctic Ocean a frozen wilderness. Geese, ducks, sandpipers, and other birds were seen on the coast, while in the sea were sporting walrus, seals, and the white whale. On the 21st the voyage was resumed, and though delayed by fogs and banks of rotten ice, the "Vega" made good way south-east, still keeping the land in sight. The mountains increased in height, and animal and vegetable life became more varied and abundant, and on the 23rd a fine breeze carried the brave little vessel swiftly along, without the aid of steam, over a perfectly smooth sea—one, moreover, marked upon the charts as dry land. And so they reached the mouth of the Chantanga River, and going on shore shot bears and wild fowl to their hearts' content, and saw the great colonies of loon and gull rise startled from the shore and cliff at this the first invasion of their dwelling-places by man. But the "Vega" was soon off again, the seas clear of ice—thanks to the vast volume of warmer waters which the great Siberian rivers are at this season pouring into the Arctic ocean—and on the 27th turned northward for the Siberian Islands, passing the estuary of the River Lena before she turned. But the ice—so the telegram tells us—prevented complete exploration of this wonderful group, where, before long, science may hope to make very memorable discoveries. Professor Nordenskiöld turned south again and passed the mouth of the Kolyna River. Here the most serious difficulties of the voyage commenced—difficulties, however, which

the stout little "Vega" and the stout hearts aboard her were prepared to meet. She had started expecting to have to winter in the ice, and as the term of imprisonment grew daily more manifestly inevitable, the gallant party prepared with the best of spirits for the lot before them. Provisions were abundant, and of excellent selection, the weather superb, health of the best, and scurvy conspicuous by its absence among this hard-working, healthily-living band. Reaching with great difficulty Cook's farthest point, Cape Vankarema, the "Vega" crossed over to Knolnitchin, and there, on the 28th, her engine fires were put out and the sails stowed away, and winter life in the pack ice fairly entered upon. Land was only a mile distant, and there, on the Tshutschi Peninsula were found several villages of the queer Tchik-tchi folk, some four thousand souls in all, who lived comfortably and happily, fishing, sealing, and tending their reindeer. Game was abundant—bear, wolf, and fox—and as spring approached wild fowl came up in numbers, and of many kinds. The cold was intense, averaging thirty-six centigrade, and one day, the shortest recorded, was of three hours' duration only, "the upper limb of the sun visible," and no more. But day or night there was more than enough to do, and almost every science known to man will be enriched by the labors of the distinguished few who searched the seas, and land, and sky for all they could give and tell of while they wintered off the Tchik-tchi villages. For two hundred and sixty-four days they remained ice-bound, but at last the flocks began to thin and scatter, and on July 18 the "Vega" once more floated, and on the 20th, steaming through Behring's Straits, fired the mimic salute that told of the great end achieved.

After that all seems tame. Coasting the Asiatic coast, the "Vega" reached St. Lawrence Bay, and, crossing over to America, visited Port Clarence, and then recrossed to Koniya, dredging carefully as she went to ascertain the formation of the sea bottom, and to collect specimens, for here meet the mighty currents of the Arctic and Pacific Oceans. Touching at St. Lawrence and Behring's Island, the explorers were rewarded by the discovery of the fossil remains of an immense marine animal—one of the Rhytena family of dugongs or manatees. Leaving the island on August 19, the "Vega" reached Yokohama on September 2, having mid-



way encountered a gale in which lightning struck the daring craft, splitting the main-top and injuring slightly several of the brave fellows who had passed the terrors of the frozen seas unscathed. But there were no deaths during the voyage, scarcely any illness, and the cruise of the "Vega" from the Atlantic to the Pacific stands therefore on record as complete in its triumph as it was brilliant.

Professor Nordenskiöld writes that the voyage from Europe to Asia by the north-east passage may be considered now certain of regular accomplishment, and, with a little more knowledge of the northern seas, quite safe. From Japan to Lena no difficulty presents itself to skilled seamen, and as that river taps central Siberia, the horizon of trade has been most grandly extended by the little "Vega's" success. The credit of that success lies divided among several. In the first place, there is Mr. Oscar Dickson, of Gothenburg, who gave the "Vega," fitted up for her Arctic voyage, to the expedition, his Majesty the king of Sweden and his government, who so liberally supported it, and Mr. Alexander Sibiriakof, from whose purse the balance of the money required was furnished. But above all is honor due to that veteran explorer, and worthy bearer of a viking's name, Nordenskiöld, to whose sagacity and courage Arctic exploration has always owed so much, and now is indebted for the crowning triumph of northern research. Accompanying him are the following officers and staff: Lieutenant Palander, Drs. Kiellman (botanist), and Stuxberg (zoologist), all comrades of their leader in former fights with Polar terrors; Dr. Almquist and Lieutenants Hovgaard, Bruzewitz, Bove, and Nordquist, and all, so Professor Nordenskiöld avers, have worked hard for the cause of science and discovery. The immediate result of their successful labors will be a flood of new knowledge and an impetus to Arctic voyaging. In the future the result will be the opening up of the trade of a vast expanse of Asia hitherto sealed to the world, and the contribution of its products to the world's markets.

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From The Spectator.

#### THE BENEFACTORS OF HUMANITY.

SIR ROWLAND HILL was buried on Thursday in the English Pantheon, to which he was admitted with the approval

of all Englishmen, and it may be worth while to consider for one moment the reasons which with thinking men justify that consent. They are not exactly on the surface. We should not, to begin with, rate Sir Rowland Hill's powers as quite of the first class, or count him in any way among those exceptional men whose mere faculties extort admiring recognition. He had great organizing capacity—displayed perhaps even more in his scheme for making the post-offices offices of internal exchange than in his more popular achievement—indomitable perseverance, and benevolence of a very wide, but not very unusual, kind. We should most of us, we hope, sacrifice ease and live strenuously for some years, if we were sure by doing so of benefiting all Englishmen; and Sir Rowland Hill was sure, as sure as any man who ever thought he had discovered the secret of the whence and whither. Sir Rowland Hill's qualities were fine, but we do not know that the possession of them quite justified a place in Westminster Abbey. The intellectual qualities of his nature must be possessed nearly in the same degree by every successful traffic manager—men hardly realize the extent of ability that work wants—and the moral qualities have been displayed in a higher degree by men comparatively neglected. The prison reformer Howard was a far more benevolent man. Sir Rowland Hill was slighted by statesmen, and oppressed by one cabinet—his virtual dismissal in 1841 was disgraceful—and was kept from the headship of the department with what must have seemed to him for half his life gross injustice; but he could not fairly be described as in any way a martyr. He was always popular, his idea became concrete after a very short delay, and though he was not rewarded as we reward even small warriors, and never made a fortune for himself, still, as English payments go, he was not unfairly paid. He was given as much as a second-rate lawyer accumulates, or the income of a second-class judge, and for a civilian that is in England fair pay. Most of the English abolitionists and all the American abolitionists suffered more for humanity than he did, and benefited it, too, a great deal more. They not only put an end to an immense mass of human misery, but in ending it they destroyed a system which, while it existed, was the outwork of every conceivable abuse which diminishes the general happiness and the general capacity of nobility among man-

kind. Sir Rowland Hill did nothing like them, and indeed, if the diffusion of happiness is to be the test applied to the eminent among mankind, we should demur to any claim for him to a high place among the number. The ability to send and receive lots of letters does not make man much the happier. There is probably quite as much happiness in countries where the penny post is unknown; nor is England in 1875 so much happier than England in 1775. A very fine plea was put in for Sir Rowland Hill by Miss Martineau, in the able letter to Lord Truro, published in the *Times* of Monday, but we are not quite sure that it is altogether well grounded. Her argument is, in brief, that the penny post removed a great deal of the suffering, and especially the suffering to the affections, caused by absence, and this is in part true; but then it probably equally increases the absences themselves, increasing exceedingly the tendency to wander, and though we all fancy that correspondence develops and maintains family feeling, family feeling was just as strong before the penny post. It is strongest now in countries and localities without one. Young men did not go wrong in the days of Elizabeth much oftener than they do now, for all Miss Martineau's periods. The happiness given by the man who invented the lucifer match, and so terminated forever the dread, which used to worry the early world, that the means of securing fire and light might some day be unprocurable, was probably quite as great as any conferred by Sir Rowland Hill's idea; while to Sir James Simpson man owes almost infinitely more. Even the abolitionists did not add so directly and so permanently to human happiness, or rather, to the defences against human misery, as the great surgeon who first demonstrated fully the use of anaesthetics, and whose name will one day be reckoned among the first dozen of the true benefactors of his species. He took away not only a suffering from a few, but the terror of possible suffering from all.

The justice of the world's estimate of Sir Rowland Hill rests on a different ground from the claim of the "benefactor," and is substantially this, — that man owes immensely, though of course not equally in each case, to those fortunate persons who have been able directly to increase his forces. The consequences of that increase have very little to do with the matter. It may be an open question

whether the world is either the happier or the better for the ability to write and receive letters easily, just as it may be a question whether an individual is the happier or the better for being able to converse easily, but it is not doubtful that he is the stronger, the more competent, better armed for permanent contest with material difficulties. He possesses a new power, whatever use he makes of it. To deny this is to deny the value of speech, correspondence being nothing but speech uttered to a distance, and after a certain delay. It may be said that Sir Rowland Hill did not render correspondence possible, for it had always been possible since letters and paper were invented; but that is, nevertheless, what he did do. The comfortable hardly realize how complete a disability poverty often is, as complete as the loss of a natural faculty. Deafness would not close the ears of the majority of mankind more completely than a charge of a guinea for every word they heard would. Sir Rowland Hill released the poor, the real population of the world, from a partial paralysis as regards one function — that of speech — as fettering as if it had been physical. He gave them a new power, and men perceive that to the bestower of new powers gratitude is due, not for the powers, which may be used or abused, but for the potentialities lying in those powers. If we were to write absolutely without dread of the Philistines before our eyes, we should say that the balance of the world's gain and loss was heavily against the electric telegraph. That does not diffuse intelligence, but only helps to accelerate its diffusion; and there is very little evidence that the increased speed is as yet a gain. The telegraph has increased the power of governments against subjects, of the rich against the poor, and has, while increasing the range of each man's knowledge, distinctly diminished its depth, more especially on the subject of politics. We believe that statesmanship and political thought have deteriorated under its influence, and that only quickness has been developed, the mind being compelled every day, and almost every hour, to come to conclusions upon totally insufficient data. It is as if the physician were always compelled to prescribe after seeing his patient's face. That compulsion would, no doubt, develop in him a remarkable sagacity in reading faces and the physical meaning of expression — they say there are specialists in London

who can decide unerringly on the presence or absence of heart-disease in this way — but it would not make him a great physician. There is no conclusive evidence that the telegraph has been as yet of any benefit to man whatever, any more than the telephone, which may supersede it. Yet no one doubts that the inventor of the telegraph deserves a place in Westminster Abbey, or any other honor usually given to men who have deserved well of the world. He has liberated speech from the impediment of distance, and so has added to the force of each man, to his armor for the battle, and men feel instinctively that it is in force they are deficient. And their instinct is, we believe, right, the true morality being not to reject the offered talent, but to accept it gratefully and use it well. The human race would have no right to reject a sixth sense, if the offer of one were conceivable, from any fear of the results to which it might be misused. Their duty would be to take it, and use it under their responsibility to the giver, and that without any consideration whether its use made them happier or not. We should deny absolutely that any man had a right to reject wealth, unless he knew that he individually would be debased by its possession, or thought wealth *in se* evil, and certainly he could not rightfully reject a new intellectual force. He might as well justify suicide on the ground of his own incompetence to use his gifts. Take the extreme instance of weapons of destruction. A new discovery of means of destroying men in war would seem the most doubtful of all additional powers to accept or to be grateful for, yet there can be no doubt that to the greatest of such discoveries, gunpowder, the world owes enormous blessings. It was the discovery which armed man against the predominance of strength of limb, broke up the feudal system, which was in its essence the right of the big brute to rule the smaller brute, even if the smaller were the better qualified intellectually, and rendered it next to impossible for the world to be again conquered by the barbarians. Every force added to humanity must be taken to be a gain to humanity, even if it does not appear to tend to happiness; and there is no higher duty, of the smaller duties, than to recognize the right of those who have increased the sum of human powers to the general regard of all those whose potentiality of action is so increased. Man can do more in the world, and is meant to do as much as he can.

From The Saturday Review.

## LOVE OF SCENERY.

THERE is a certain class of feelings in human nature to which belong all the beauty, delight, and breadth of the profoundest passions, but without the intensity, the power, and the dangerous quality which belongs to these latter alone. Love and ambition, the two dæmonic elements in man, stand alone; they have their imminent risks, their overpowering magnitude, unrivalled. The love of poetry, of music, the awe of Gothic cathedrals, the pure entrancement with which we can look on a picture drawn by a master-hand — say a Madonna of Francia, or one of the stately senators who, looking down on us from the canvas of Titian or Paul Veronese, seem to reprove the degenerate vulgarity of this age of pushing success — these feelings, and such as these, appeal to us more quietly; they have a spell of simple pleasure and of consolation which can hardly be overestimated. It is true, if the whole truth must be told about them, that they are secondary feelings; at least this can be proved in many cases, and the reasons for thinking it true in all are not slight. Homer would not be admirable if Achilles had not been admirable before him; and could Handel have written "The Messiah" if the vision of an opening heaven, seen more directly by others through pain, suffering, and the terrors of death, had not communicated itself to the pulses of his heart, and given food to his imagination?

But enough on the general subject. The latest born of this class of pure and beautiful pleasures, be they considered by us in the first or in the second rank, is the love of scenery. Few feelings affect us more in the present age than this; and Englishmen, beyond all others, are distinguished for the interest which they take in the sublimity or the charm of landscape. So suddenly, however, has this interest sprung up that even a hundred years ago but little of it was popularly felt; while before that time, as is well known, rocks and precipices were regarded by the generality even of enterprising travellers as objects to which it was desirable to give as wide a birth as possible. This being the case, the question has very frequently and not unnaturally been asked, whether the feeling, as it now exists, is a genuine one, and capable of lasting beyond the age in which it has arisen. There are whims and fashions in plenty in the world; have we solid

grounds for thinking that this is not one of them? We may be reminded that the material objects from which our pleasure is derived have always existed as they do now; Alps are no novelties in the world; the Romans were very well acquainted with them, but their acquaintance never ripened into liking. The opprobrious epithets which Dante hurled at those sublime forms, the view of which must have been so familiar to him from the plains of north Italy, are quoted; and we are asked, Have we finer feelings than Dante? From grounds like these that gifted and versatile scholar, the late W. G. Clark, concluded that the love of scenery was a fashion that originated with Wordsworth, and that as a fashion it would die. This, indeed, is easily shown to be an extreme paradox; for Wordsworth himself was scornfully asked by those not too impressionable persons — the Edinburgh Reviewers — whether he thought that no one in the world had admired a mountain before himself? Still, many have entertained a like apprehension in a more mitigated form, and have feared for the permanence of the literature of the present age, so deeply imbued as it has been with the feelings drawn from the contemplation of external nature.

It is, we think, an unfounded fear. It is perhaps not quite too early to appeal to the evidence of facts on the subject. Are tourists less enthusiastic about mountains and lakes than they were? We know no evidence of diminished interest in them. True, the feeling for them is not quite identical with what it was; it is less simple, perhaps less pure, more mixed up with knowledge, with science. This is a scarcely avoidable change, and does not mean radical decay. It is more to be lamented, no doubt, that vulgarity has not been absent from the minds of some of the more famed and enthusiastic of the adventurers among mountains; that the thought of doing something, of excelling competitors, of practising unheard of feats of climbing, has been prominent where formerly the grandeur of the scene beheld would have absorbed the entire imagination. Even this error, however, is one that accompanies men in all their pursuits, and detrimentally as it acts on the finer emotions, it yet does not prohibit their existence. Nor, again, if we turn to the literature that has been so much inspired by natural scenery, do we think that the lapse of time has unduly taken away from its attraction. We are disposed to think that Scott, Shelley, Byron,

Wordsworth are read now with a stronger interest, are felt to be more living and more modern, than Pope was at the corresponding period of the last century. But these comparisons need not be pursued; it will be more satisfactory to attempt to give the rationale of the matter in itself.

No one, we suppose, will deny that everything which is health-giving and life-giving, everything more especially which gives us the sense of sympathetic life, neither harming us nor harmed by us, must always be a source of pleasure. It may be said that a field of corn is the cause of health and life to us, and that on this ground a field of corn ought to be the most beautiful object in the world. And certainly a field of ripe brown corn in the hot sunshine of August is a beautiful object; but it is not so beautiful as a forest of oak and fern; and the reason can be given. We destroy the corn for subservience to our own use, and speedily; and such destruction is not compatible with the pure sense of sympathetic life. An oak that has grown for two hundred years in stately strength appeals to us (if we may so speak) as our equal; it has been warred against by the winds, and has flourished in spite of them; it has girt itself round with defences, the massive strength of which is a wonder to us; its leaves are even yet green with the tenderness of youth; the sap beneath runs with a current comparable to our own blood, the silent sustainer of the whole. A pure river gives us water to drink, and is yet perennial; we do not harm it by drinking of it; the abundance of life in it and around it has those obvious elements of freedom, play, and joyousness which in ourselves we delight to possess, and of which we gain some slight portion even by looking at them in the world around us. The beautiful colors, again, of birds, butterflies, and flowers, though we cannot quite get to the bottom of the reason why they are beautiful, yet certainly have through all time been felt to be so. There is nothing peculiar to our own century or to any century in the admiration of those simple features of landscape of which we have been speaking. Homer himself, whatever he may have thought of mountains and ocean, beyond doubt took delight in groves of trees and streams of running water.

It is when we come to the wilder elements of landscape that doubt arises. Black, solitary gorges among the mountains; stern pine forests, into which man



rarely enters, covering the broad hills for many a league, and overhung by rocky peaks; the view of snow, glacier, and the tremendous Alpine pinnacles—these things give pleasure to us, whereas former generations beheld them with pain and shuddering. But the difference is really very explicable. Dante could no more have taken pleasure in the Aletsch glacier or the gorge of the Via Mala than he could have taken pleasure in perusing his own "*Inferno*" while an inmate, say, of the third circle of that well-proportioned abode. Pain, discomfort, danger, unknown in extent but sufficiently real to be easily magnified by the imagination into gigantic proportions, surrounded the traveller among the wilder scenery on every side. Man was overcome, overmastered, conquered in the contest against these primeval forces. Suddenly a change came in the aspect of the battle. Instead of being conquered by the terrors of nature, man, through his endurance and courage, became victorious over them, and yet not in such a way that he could despise his adversary. The overpowering fear had gone; the power which had caused the fear remained, and was seen to be no contemptible foe—nay, possibly even an ally, a friend in the future, if not too rashly dealt with? Is there not sufficient reason in this change of position of man towards nature, for a change in the sentiment with which he regarded nature? And we think that many times in human history this change of sentiment may be seen to have been impending, before it actually took place. Homer knew little of mountains; but is it not evident that he took a pleasure in the stormy sea, in its roaring, in its vast waves and measureless expanse, in the winds that stirred it up with Titanic merriment to try the spirit of Ulysses, or to echo the tempest of passion in the breast of Achilles? If we come to a later and more prosaic age, the time of Augustus and of Hadrian, what do we find to be considered the type of beauty among valleys? That rock-riven gorge under the cliffs of Olympus, Tempe. Nor ought Virgil's exclamation to be forgotten:—

O, ubi campi

Spercheusque, et virginibus bacchata Lacœnis  
Taygeta! O, qui me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi  
Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ!

O for the plains where Spercheus flows,  
and the peaks of Taygetus where Spartan  
maidens hold their revels! O for one to place  
me in the cool Balkan valleys, and shelter me  
with the mighty shade of the forest boughs!

But undoubtedly these are but glimpses and forecasts of a new feeling. Whatever sentiment the ancients had on these matters was quenched in the disorder that followed the collapse of imperial Rome. But with the rise of a new and better-founded civilization, the sentiment revived. A trace or two of it is to be seen in Shakespeare, many more in Milton. At the beginning of the eighteenth century it begins to be clear and distinct. As far as our knowledge goes, the celebrated Bishop Berkeley was the first person who devoted great pains to describing natural scenery. He ascended Vesuvius twice during an eruption, and in a letter to Dr. Arbuthnot (in 1717) gave a very full and interesting account of the crater, the ejection of red-hot stones, and the burning torrents of lava, to which on one occasion he approached rather too near for safety. In this account, however, some scientific interest certainly intermingles. But in the following passages from letters written to Pope a purer sentiment is discerned:—

To enable a man to describe rocks and precipices it is absolutely necessary that he pass the Alps. . . .

The island Inarime is an epitome of the whole earth, containing within the compass of eighteen miles a wonderful variety of hills, vales, ragged rocks, fruitful plains, and barren mountains, all thrown together in a most romantic confusion. The air is in the hottest season constantly refreshed by cool breezes from the sea. . . . The hills are the greater part covered to the top with vines, some with chestnut groves, and others with thickets of myrtle and lentiscus. . . . Several fountains and rivulets add to the beauty of this landscape, which is likewise set off by the variety of some barren spots and naked rocks. But that which crowns the scene is a large mountain, rising out of the middle of the island (once a terrible volcano, by the ancients called Mons Epomeus); its lower parts are adorned with vines and other fruits; the middle affords pasture to flocks of goats and sheep; and the top is a sandy, pointed rock, from which you have the finest prospect in the world, surveying, at one view, besides several pleasant islands lying at your feet, a tract of Italy about three hundred miles in length, from the promontory of Antium to the cape of Palinurus.

This description, however, though pleasant and fresh, does not show deep feeling. Gray, the most exquisite (to our thinking) of the poets between Milton and Wordsworth, was the first who showed such feeling in perfection. But with Gray the full spirit of the modern age commences; and on that we have not space to enter here.



From Truth.

## SOMEBODY ELSE.

It is frequently asserted that the human being does not exist who would exchange his life with that of any one of his neighbors. We cannot think the assertions would be borne out if a real exchange and mart of men's individualities could be set up. That a confirmed invalid should refuse to exchange places with a beautiful athlete in the full vigor of his powers, and with no apparent drawback to his robust and exultant condition; that a toothless and incredulous old crone, trembling on the brink of a grave which has for her no promise of a blessed resurrection, should be unwilling to barter her state for that of sweet seventeen, radiant in conquering smiles, fair as the dawn, and as full of promise; that a decrepit and tottering statesman, with just enough brainpan left to comprehend a protocol, and just enough manual capacity left to sign it, should shrink from the loss of his own personality, in order to assume that of the coming man, whose oratory is beginning to thrill and whose penetration to assure his country—all these things are as inconceivable as that Faust should have refused the offer of Mephistopheles and the embraces of Marguerite. No doubt Faust, in becoming young again, still remained Faust, and did not lose his consciousness of the benefits he had reaped by his bargain with the welcome visitant from below; whereas, if one had to change places entirely with somebody else, one would have to forget that one had ever been any one save that somebody else. Loss of conscious memory, in other words loss of identity, is practically death; and therefore the strict carrying out of the idea is impossible, and runs counter to the laws of thought. But if the condition of the metamorphosis were simply that a man would retain nothing of his former self save the recollection of his woes, then it can hardly be doubted that the majority of mankind would find some happily circumstanced mortal into whose shoes they would be delighted to jump.

As a rule, however, people confine themselves to desires which appear more reasonable, because more capable of fulfillment, and we suspect there are few who do not contemplate one or other of their neighbors with a longing envy. Indeed,

the existence of the sentiment is hourly confessed, and it is to be found at work in bosoms which one might have supposed to be safe against it. Behold a lovely creature, whose beauty is not hidden under a bushel, but which shines at least four days out of the seven at the board of the hospitable and the distinguished. Women admire and men court her, and wherever she goes the company grows brighter at her approach. She has the best and most devoted of husbands, a gentleman, a friend, an infallible adviser and helpmate. She has a couple of children of angelic loveliness, and the doctor never passed her threshold. Can she envy any one in the world? Alas! she does. She envies her friend with the rich, stupid, and not over-attentive husband. Is her own husband poor? Not particularly; but he is not opulent. She has raiment abundant and beautiful, a comfortable bed, an ample board. But she cannot give a dinner-party on the grandiose scale as often as she wishes; and before she does anything she must count the cost. She thinks that very hard. Is she really to be compassionated? No doubt she is, but hardly for the reason she supposes. Yet, before we condemn her, let us take another look round. Here is another woman, also lovely, but opulent as well, and who can spread the banquet three hundred and sixty-five times in the year, should it please her to do so. Her table is a famous one; and there the great, the witty, and the wise continually congregate. What more can the heart of woman desire? If you happen to know this charming and popular hostess familiarly, you will probably find out. Her lord is not a bad sort; indeed, he is rather a good sort. But he does not hold converse with the skies; and periodically, she has a soul above fashionable dinners. Why cannot she have a companion like the husband or the lover of her friend, one whose eye is always in a fine frenzy rolling, one of whom the world is perpetually saying flattering things, the delight of his time, the heirloom of posterity? He, too, comes and dines ever and anon, and illuminates the table with the charm of his voice, his manner, his subtle and never exaggerated sentiment. Then he goes; and a worthy clothopper remains in his place. He has gone to somebody else; and perhaps next week somebody else is going to appropriate him for life. How unjust it is!